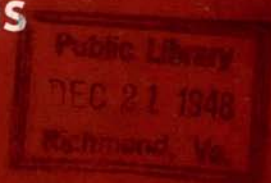


Common Ground

Civil Liberties in Crisis

J. Milton Yinger



SOUTHERN TRAIN Thomas Sancton

BALLAD OF THE SEVEN SONGS Langston Hughes

THE IMPONDERABLE Irwin Stark

JAPANESE ETIQUETTE Bradford Smith

RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS Elizabeth Wolfe

SPOIL THE CHILD Helen Eustis

MOSCOW-ON-THE-HUDSON Mikhail Jeleznov

REPORT FROM KOREA Monika Kehoe

JAPANESE AMERICAN AUDIT-1948

Robert M. Cullum

— *and others* —

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WINTER 1949



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To further an appreciation of what each group has contributed to America, to uphold the freedom to be different, and to encourage the growth of an American culture which will be truly representative of all the elements that make up the American people.

To overcome intolerance and discrimination because of national origin, race, or creed.

To help the foreign-born and their children solve their special problems of adjustment, know and value their particular cultural heritage, and share fully and constructively in American life.

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CIVIL LIBERTIES IN CRISIS

J. MILTON YINGER

MUCH has been written in recent months about civil liberties—but more must be written, for the democratic crisis mounts by the day. Behind the quarrels of a political campaign, the pressure, as I write, is on for national “unity”—a dangerous term in a time of confusion. It demands the freezing of all opinion around a fixed attitude, when the great need is for flexibility, growth, and more knowledge. Those in America who attack their political opponents for causing “disunity,” those who declare that “all good Americans” will join in some stated program, are certain that they know the answers to our problems. There is no need for public discussion; there is need only for blind allegiance. Or perhaps they are not at all certain of the answers, and their rigidities are a sign of basic insecurities. The rest of us are all too likely to listen to them, and to follow them, because we too are insecure and want to know the answers quickly. If we can shut off discussion, our own confusion will seem to be eliminated.

So the attacks on civil liberties continue. We cling to the desperate hope that a unanimous public opinion will be the correct one. If only we could silence the doubters! But our own doubts and questions do not disappear easily. The

combined impact of a doubled appropriation for the House Committee on Un-American Activities, the frantic opposition of southern political leaders to President Truman’s civil rights program (and the easy disregard of the program by most Northerners), and the overwhelming majority by which the House of Representatives last summer passed the Mundt Bill only deepens the bewilderment of democratically minded people everywhere. We Americans shout to the world that a sharp line can, and must, be drawn between those nations that respect the rights of individuals and those that don’t; and we rest our case for world leadership on the claim that we are most vigorous in the defense of individual rights. Yet step by step we are moving to restrict those rights.

A great many voices have been raised, to be sure, to protest the demands for orthodoxy, to call for a free and open debate of our national problems. But the defenders of civil liberties have too often concentrated their attention on the immediate political threats without sufficient awareness of the total situation in which these threats have developed. Civil liberties are not alone a matter of politics and of law; they are a matter of economics and of morals and of faith in the strength

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of democracy. The House Committee on Un-American Activities is as much a symptom of our national uncertainties about free discussion as it is a danger in itself. It grows from basic aspects of our economic and political life which must be understood if the defense of civil liberties is to be effective. We need to know when and why the idea of civil liberties took root. What conditions favor their survival and growth? What conditions threaten them? As I see it, we cannot effectively protect and extend civil liberties until we are thoroughly informed about their origins and their place in the social pattern.

Civil liberties did not develop in the western world simply because a few, or a lot of, sensible people thought they were a nice idea. They had a very hard-headed political and economic base; and they are not likely to survive without that base. Any effective battle for the preservation and extension of civil liberties will not only oppose their denial anywhere, but will work for the positive social, economic, and political environment in which alone their survival can be assured.

Civil liberties began in England as part of the struggle of the feudal lords to maintain some autonomy in face of the growing power of the king. Its first formal expression, the Magna Carta of 1215, was actually a fairly meager list of rights applying mainly to the nobility and only secondarily to others. The struggle for the extension of those rights into more areas and to more people then became bound up with the fight of the middle classes for a place in the social structure. They won more and more rights, not because of the generosity of the king and the aristocracy, but because they were seizing the new economic advantages being offered by emerging trade and industrialization. This gave them effective power to force concessions from

the old aristocracy: Either give us more power in Parliament and certain civil liberties or we pay no taxes. And since the new business class had more money to pay taxes with than anybody else, their demands were heeded. Thus we get the Petition of Rights from Charles I in 1628 and the Bill of Rights in 1689, after the British Revolution had assured the ascendancy of Parliament.

What we need to remember about this story is that civil liberties were not granted, first of all; they were seized: seized by those with sufficient economic power to demand concessions. Only then did they get fixed in traditions, embodied in doctrines and documents which helped to get them extended to groups who did not have the immediate power to seize them. One fact greatly encouraged this extension: the middle classes needed the support of the masses to win their way to power over the old aristocracies. They won this support by promises of democracy, by the defense of the idea of civil liberties, by slogans of liberty, equality, and fraternity. When, as in France, Great Britain, and the United States, the new ruling powers had won their revolutions, they began to regret, and to some degree to go back on, their promises.

In America, for example, the colonies used British doctrines to fight the British. They borrowed heavily from John Locke, who had written so brilliantly for the Revolution of 1688. They wrote the radical Declaration of Independence and the first state constitutions, which were often in its spirit. After the Revolution was won, however, there was a strong retrenchment. The Constitution was written in part as a conservative reaction against the radical aspects of the Revolution. It contained few civil liberties guarantees; and the famous Bill of Rights, necessitated in part by political expediency, did not go beyond the standard liberties

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already recognized in Britain. Americans seldom examine these data. We are too inclined to think of civil liberties as disembodied ideals floating above any attachment to facts of the economic and political power structure.

It is unnecessary here to sketch the legal and political story of civil liberties in the United States; the story is well known. Within the limited framework of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights our record has been fairly democratic for most of the members of the white race. The Sedition Act of 1798, which sought to suppress attacks on the foreign policy of the government, was a dangerous threat to civil liberties, but it was short-lived, and helped to elect Jefferson, who promptly secured its repeal. Although there have been many legal and political threats to civil liberties since 1798, none has had a long life. The years after World War II may go down in history as the period of most serious governmental attack on the free expression of ideas.

Perhaps the gravest threat to civil liberties today, insofar as governmental power is concerned, is the increasing militarization of our national policy. In time of crisis, military claims tend to take precedence over all other claims because the fear of war and the greater fear of losing a war dominate our judgments. Military necessity may indeed require some limitations on freedom in time of war, and even in time of peace; but three things need to be said. These limitations are virtually always more extensive than they need to be for the nation's security—in fact far more extensive than they dare to be for the security of the nation as a democracy. Free speech is also good for the military: they are not free from error, from lust for power; and they need to be held in check by the forces of public discussion. Finally, the limitations on freedom in the name of military neces-

sity almost always cloak all sorts of other limitations, in no way connected with security needs, brought in by those with power thus to stop the mouths of their opponents. In this time of international tension we must be tremendously on our guard to see that we do not, in the name of security, destroy the meaning of the very society whose security we claim to defend.

II

It is the contention of this paper that a study of the legal and political aspects of civil liberties gives a very incomplete picture of the problem we face today. There are two other considerations, seldom seen in the total context of civil liberties, which must be emphasized in any complete analysis of civil liberties in operation. Civil liberties require not only the absence of public restraint, but the absence of private restraint. They require, moreover, the presence of positive conditions in which the freedom to speak is associated with freedom to have that speech heard. If we are to secure anything more than the formal structure of civil liberties, if we are to profit from their contributions to the democratic process, we must be concerned with these positive conditions.

Private restrictions on civil liberties are too well known to need lengthy description. The rights of minorities to live where they want to, to work where they are qualified, to vote for whom they like, to live in freedom from intimidation and violence, are severely restricted. Some of these private limitations on the rights of others have never been dealt with by the law or the courts ("social" restrictions are thought to have no public import). Other restrictions have received only negative legal attention: proposed laws have been defeated and/or court decisions have upheld the legality of the

private restrictions. We have failed to get a law securing national jurisdiction in cases of lynching, for instance; most decisions have upheld the legality of private restrictive covenants among property owners, although the Supreme Court has now held that they cannot be legally enforced. Still other private restrictions have been made illegal, but the laws or the enforcement or both have been inadequate: the "white primary" is illegal, but the spirit of the Supreme Court decision is violated in many ways; all northern states have civil liberties statutes, but minority-group members are by no means free from embarrassment or open discrimination in practices covered by these statutes.

These private restrictions on civil liberties are important not only in themselves, but also because they block the enforcement of legally protected rights, and they furnish the political environment in which policies of legal restriction, maintenance, or extension of these rights by government will be worked out. No strictly political and legal approach to civil liberties can be effective if it is not accompanied by a full-scale attack on the causes of private restrictions: the frustrations and insecurity of the average man; the poverty of our knowledge of what a flexible and progressive democracy means; the race prejudice and other categorizing pre-judgments; the concentration of economic power—perhaps the key threat today. So long as we have these, we will have conditions that foster private restrictions on civil liberties and endanger a wholehearted public support of those liberties.

The present American debate over civil liberties too seldom pays attention to the need for positive conditions in which the advantages of freedom can be gained. We support civil liberties for several reasons. They are important in themselves

as our testimony to the importance of the individual and of his right, within the limits imposed by the interdependence of society, to think and act as he sees fit. They are also important in reducing the frustrations that beset us all: we feel something less than powerless if we can make our opinions heard; and we can make the small adjustments as they arise, making unnecessary any major, abrupt adjustments. But there is still another reason for supporting civil liberties. They allow the continuous examination of all the current proposals for solving our problems, large and small. Democracy does not assume that it has the answer to every problem as it arises. It assumes only that it has the way to *find* the best possible answer under the conditions. The great advantage of democracy is the facilities it furnishes for the peaceful and continuous change of policies and leadership as the majority demands it. No other political structure so effectively solves the problem of maintaining peaceful channels for accommodating differences. No society can eliminate its differences; it must seek to reduce them, at the same time furnishing effective channels for resolving its conflicts peacefully. Civil liberties should be seen as an attempt to channelize conflicts into peaceful modes of settlement. Those who violate and attack them seek to win conflicts by the suppression of ideas, by ignorance, propaganda, and sometimes by violence. Civil liberties are the keystone of the democratic structure.

But these advantages of free exchange of ideas cannot be maintained by a simple "right" to speak. In a modern, highly complex society, this is of little value unless it is accompanied by access to the means to make oneself heard. Civil liberties protect not only the individual: they protect society—protect society against the rigidity which will destroy it.

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The unpopular view of today may be the right one; the voice which has no microphone may be giving an essential idea; the idea which cannot get into the public discussion may be one which, in interaction with the other ideas, will produce the answer we need.

Unfortunately, the positive conditions for making minority opinions heard are getting worse in America, even if their "right" to be heard is protected. The sharp reduction in the number of newspaper publishers, the vastly increased use of syndicated materials, the serious inroads on the editorial function by a few score columnists, the concentration of the bulk of modern radio into a few networks, and the relative failure, up until now, of the diversity of control that was promised by frequency modulation radio—these are among the signs that the right to speak out with vigor on issues of vital local, national, and international importance, is now more formal than real for the minority views. In absence of the positive conditions that permit all points of view an equal chance to get into the public debate, it cannot be very long before the right itself will be challenged—for the more minority views are excluded, the more "un-American" they come to appear, having had little chance to become part of the American debate. Only those who "know" already all the answers to our present and future problems can look upon this development with anything but the gravest misgivings.

III

If the present analysis is correct in holding that the problem of civil liberties is threefold, what positive steps become necessary to guarantee the extension of civil liberties and the survival of democracy?

On the legal and political level we need a much extended and improved national

Bill of Rights, bringing under federal jurisdiction the protection of "the right to safety and security of the person," "the right to citizenship and its privileges," "the right to freedom of conscience and its expression," and "the right to equality of opportunity"—to use the phrases of the President's Committee on Civil Rights. We need a strengthened civil rights enforcement group. We do not need a congressional committee on Un-American Activities whose definition of un-American is so narrow and rigid that it seriously hampers the free expression and exchange of ideas so essential in our time of confusion.

There is, to be sure, a serious dilemma faced by a democracy in time of crisis. Freedom is never absolute; no man can be allowed to shout "fire" in a crowded theater when there is no fire. The problem is to know when our national edifice is really endangered by fire. There is no simple answer to this question. One can say only that nations are overthrown, not by words, but by conditions and actions. He who would defend his nation most successfully will pay attention to its weaknesses, not its critics.

On the second level—that of private restrictions on the liberties of others—we shall need some very fundamental changes before we can be confident of the preservation and extension of our civil liberties. Democracy is a system of diffused political power. Whatever tends to give more political power to one man than to another puts democracy in danger. It is not likely that democracy—diffused political power—can long survive the effects of the concentration of economic power now characteristic of American society. The problem of the distribution of economic power may seem to be a long way from the question of civil liberties; but a study of the origins and development of those liberties shows the very close connection.

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When powerful interests don't need civil liberties, they will oppose them and disregard them—all in the name of a "free" society. When a few thousand men make the key economic decisions for the whole nation, they have the power to penetrate into the control of government and they stand as a threat to the liberties of the great majority.

There is no easy remedy for this concentration. The battle must be fought on many fronts:

Vigorous steps to re-introduce competition into as many areas of our economy as possible.

The extension of labor union membership, along with a thoroughgoing internal democratization of their power.

The encouragement of co-operatives and other consumer movements to give protection against the monopolization tendencies of industry and labor.

Stronger public control or ownership of those aspects of the economy which are of vital public interest and of crucial power, when genuinely free competition proves impossible.

Such an attack on concentrated economic power will not, by itself, eliminate the private restrictions on civil liberties which weaken our democracy today. It must be accompanied by a program to reduce the frustrations of the average man, to overcome his insecurities, so that he will not feel the need for challenging the rights of others in a feeble attempt to bolster his own shaky self-respect. Such a program will also make him less likely to join the hysterical mass movements to which man is so inclined in critical times, and less likely to support the restrictive programs of powerful people above him; for those powerful people rely on his tensions to drive him to their promised "security." The insecure, the defeated, the confused person "needs" to be prejudiced against other races, against people

who declare that his political ideas are wrong. He needs the prejudice—and its almost inevitable expression in the form of attacks on the rights of others—to overcome his own insecurity, to convince himself that the confusion he really feels about national policies is non-existent. If he can be on the "right" side (the powerful side), if he can "know" without any question the answers to life's perplexing problems, his insecurity will be reduced—in the short run. In the long run, the rigidity of mind which such a "quest for certainty" entails can lead only to the destruction of democracy.

Attention to the third level is no less important if we are to get the maximum social gain from civil liberties. It is fruitless to insure the right of all to speak their minds freely if only a few of the points of view have adequate means to get into the public discussion. Positive conditions for the use of civil liberties are deteriorating in the United States today. Despite the increases in population, in literacy, in newspaper circulation, the number of newspaper owners has dropped more than twenty-five per cent in the last forty years. The newspapers also carry far more material from common sources than formerly. Our radio system has become so closely tied to the business community that its ability to be a continuous public forum for the nation has been sharply reduced. This has been largely the result, not of conscious desire to distort and select, but of indirect associations. There are, of course, instances of outright censorship in both press and radio; but the graver danger is the emphasis by selection, the unconscious bias that comes from any class location. Activity in defense of civil liberties needs to be aroused not just when there is negative restraint, but when the conditions for translating civil liberties into usable policy are lacking for any group. Wider newspaper and radio owner-

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ship and a more thorough professionalization of news gathering and dissemination are vital to our society.

These various aspects of the problem of civil liberties are highly interconnected. Our legal protections are inadequate partly because of the imbalance of power in our economy. There are private violations of civil liberties partly because of inadequate legal protection and partly because of the great insecurity of large numbers of people—an insecurity that expresses itself in attacks on the rights of others. We have too few positive conditions for civil liberties partly because of concentrated economic power and partly because of inadequate legal efforts to create positive conditions. An improvement in one of the three fields will mean an improvement in all; but failure to improve in one also retards any attempt to change the others.

Civil liberties are indeed threatened today. In the long run that threat will be disastrous if the defenders of democ-

racy fight on only one front. Without minimizing the present legal-political threat—the power of a House Committee to destroy private jobs or to drive from public life persons with whom they disagree—and without failing to make a vigorous attack on that danger, we must also see the great need for diffusing power more widely in our society and assuring the widest possible access to our media of communication by all points of view. Only by such a wide-scale approach can the liberties on which our society rests and in which we take such great pride be protected and extended.

J. Milton Yinger is associate professor of sociology at Oberlin College. Last summer he was dean of an International Service Seminar in New Mexico, sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee, which brought together representatives of ten countries. His "Breaking the Vicious Circle in Race Relations" appeared in the Autumn 1946 issue of CG.

NAME OF ACTION

FRANCES HALL

*Pasture yourself on the verdant word
Knee deep, like clover, and pink as a dream.
Breathe in its fragrance and feed on its honey
That fattens a buxom self-esteem.*

*Only the fools take action's road
With the dust of the real to smart the eyes,
Cobbled with bruising imperfections,
Netted with byways to tempt defections,
With endless peaks beyond each rise.*

*Stay in the meadow behind the safe gate
And slap at flies and ruminate.*

Frances Hall is a West Coast poet, now teaching at Occidental College in Los Angeles.

REPORT FROM KOREA

MONIKA KEHOE

THE EYES of Asia and of the world are now on Korea as the laboratory and testing ground of American occupation policy. Unlike Germany, Italy, and Japan, Korea saw no fighting and suffered no material destruction from enemy action. In fact, Korea had no enemy among the Western allies, and her occupation by American troops after the surrender of Japan came as liberation rather than as conquest. Then, the Americans brought hope and promise of a new, free, and independent Korea, but now, more than three years after, a steadily declining living standard, resulting from constantly increasing inflation, has brought only confusion and despair of American policy. As I left Korea in May, the evidence of disillusion and distrust was everywhere. A large part of the population, following dissatisfied leadership, is clamoring for the evacuation of American personnel. The more conservative groups, however, realizing the likelihood of civil disturbance, are interested in retaining the protection which American occupation forces assure. But, even with the continued presence of an American advisory staff and troops, Korea will make a poor exhibit to the world audience of nations who expect to see there a sample product of U.S. foreign policy.

This failure—and failure is almost unavoidable—will not all be America's fault, although some will try to make it appear so. Military Government in Korea has faced, perhaps, more difficult problems than M. G. anywhere else in the

world. For example, a crucial question here is not the usual one in occupation areas of determining the *trusted* leadership potential, but of finding any leadership at all. So thorough was the intellectual decimation that Korea suffered under her colonial relationship to Japan.

The psychology of the people is infected, too, with that profound lethargy which has affected all colonial peoples who have been subject for a generation or more to hard rule by a foreign dictatorial power. The first impression of a Westerner in Korea is that the natives are hopelessly lazy. As one learns more of their history, one understands better the reasons for their prevalent lack of ambition. For the past half century, no Korean could hope for a prestige position of any kind in his own country. All administrative jobs in education, for example—even to those of primary school principals and including all professors at the college level, as well as the majority of teachers even in secondary schools—were Japanese. This fact is of tremendous importance to the regeneration of Korea. The educational system—the most honored field, professionally—is thoroughly Japanized and, while they resent Japanese influence, the Koreans are powerless to eradicate Japanese thinking from the schools, for it continues to be propagated unwittingly now by the native teachers whose only training was Japanese. As a result of this long denial of any prestige positions, Koreans have a characteristic step-n-fetch-it attitude and what appears

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to be a carefree, happy acceptance of whatever the day may bring.

A kind of dishonesty has also developed almost to the point of a national characteristic. This, of course, has proved equally disconcerting to M. G. officials, especially to those officers who work in connection with curbing black-market activities or protecting American property. They, quite naturally, are of the opinion that all Koreans are thieves. Yet this, like the other apparently national vices, is also a product of the discriminatory social framework of Japanese colonial policy, in which a non-Japanese could hope to advance only by connivance and deception. For the average Korean, the Americans, having moved into the same offices and positions (and into the same houses) as their retired overlords—with an even greater distance between the two standards of living—are the logical victims for pilfering and plunder. One of the greatest psychological blunders of the occupation was made when the American families were moved into the same houses vacated by the repatriated Japanese officials. Although this was logical procedure, in terms of property available for occupancy, it was far from psychologically effective in terms of the success of the occupation.

Misunderstandings between the occupation forces and the liberated people are, of course, intensified on every hand by the severe language handicap, the extremely wide cultural divergence of custom and practice, and by the tremendous lag in knowledge of all modern thinking and development. This ignorance resulted first from Korea's long isolation as the "hermit kingdom" and, in the present century, from denial of access to anything Western, a condition imposed by the Japanese leaders who were determined that enslavement to

Western fashions should not disturb their own dominant position in Asia.

For the modern, educated Korean, the scholastic source of knowledge of the West was, therefore, limited to his foreign-language course in English which he had in middle school and college. There he translated selections from Washington Irving (the scope of his acquaintance with American literature) and Lamb's *Tales From Shakespeare* (his introduction to English literature). These, he quite naturally had trouble reconciling with the picture of life in the Occident he saw in such Hollywood interpretations as those of Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Deanna Durbin, and Claudette Colbert. These movies were shown, of course, with Japanese subtitles which were usually so misleading, because of censorship and mistranslation, that the result was nearly nonsense. Added to this vague and distorted background was the war propaganda issued by the Japanese. The Americans, according to the official news agencies, were beasts, without morals, only interested in sex excitement, devoid of family responsibility, materialistic minded, and cruel to the point of sadism. Japanese newspapers, published in Korea, featured a report of American soldiers who playfully made an ink stand from a slaughtered Japanese woman's skull, gloves to send home to a girl friend from her skin, and—to complete the familiar atrocity story—a pen from her arm-bone. Their descriptions of gangster activities in the cities had been amply supported by imported American films, and the impression on Koreans was so strong they were sure it must be dangerous to walk without a "gat" on American streets. The understanding of the language, even by those trained to be interpreters, translators, and teachers of English, was equally fantastic. At the

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time of the occupation, they were mystified to discover that the speech of Americans was completely unintelligible—these Westerners did not talk like characters from Dickens or Shakespeare as their Japanese English instructors had led them to expect. In the beginning, much of the impasse in M. G. could be traced to communications being misconstrued by translators or interpreters. Indeed, the Interim Government came to be known, among Koreans, as the Interpreters' Government. The necessity for a whole staff of go-betweens, often politically irresponsible, led to an extremely vicious condition whereby the political party which could pay the highest bribe could control the thinking of American M. G. officials in important policy-making posts, no matter how objective the latter tried to be. As a result, the interpreters grew rich and M. G. grew more confused in the turgid atmosphere of suspicion and misunderstanding.

With such a lack of any common background, a tendency toward mutual misunderstanding and suspicion was almost unavoidable. Unfortunately, M. G. has not made any special effort to study the motivation or the behavior patterns of the people it is supposed to govern. No position for an adviser in social science, either anthropologist or sociologist, has existed or exists in the Department of Education, although there have been, at one time, as many as eight jobs for English-language specialists. And, since American personnel live separately, work independently, and have a completely segregated social life, there is little opportunity for them to learn from experience the basis for the manners and attitudes which seem so inexplicably strange. The ordinances published by M. G. which prohibit Americans from being entertained in Korean homes and from eating Korean food have their counterparts in

the regulations which prohibit Koreans from eating in American mess halls, or even entering American billets as guests of Americans without a special pass. Although some legislation is probably necessary to curb American consumption of scarce native food and to protect Americans from consuming the contaminated food usually found in public eating places, the existing blanket prohibitions affecting social intercourse make good professional relationships almost impossible. The Koreans resent particularly these non-fraternization orders which, added to the overall segregation (Koreans and Americans may not even sit together in the same coach on a train although they may be traveling jointly on official business), set up a barrier the Japanese themselves never raised during their occupation of the country; nor do the Russians in the Northern zone, according to reports, make this mistake. There, Korean and Russian families live together in the same sections, using the same community facilities without distinction.

When pressed for a frank answer, Koreans will often admit to American friends that "things were surely better under the Japanese." They realize that some of the deprivation is the aftermath of war, but this easy explanation fails to satisfy them in all cases. The land-reform system inaugurated under M. G., however, is a step in the direction of restoring the confidence of the general population. In a country which has been a stronghold of absentee landlordism in Asia, the tenant-farmer has at last a chance to own the land he works. In this program, the Korean National Land Administration, a product of M. G. planning and advice, will dispose of former Japanese-owned property in such a way as to benefit the small farmer and at the same time make it impossible for the large landowner to acquire additional holdings. It is hoped

REPORT FROM KOREA

that this program will serve as a model for further land-reform acts which the new government may want to institute in order to break up the land ownership now in the hands of only a small part of the eighty-five per cent agricultural population. In fact, less than three per cent of the population own more than two thirds of the land.

With more legislation of this kind, brought to the attention of the general population, the political disposition of the country would probably not be so disturbed and unsettled. As it is, Kim, the typical Korean, knows only that each day prices are higher and each day the necessities of living are more difficult to secure. He is confused, he is hungry, and his children are sick. He is willing and eager to listen to promise of change. Any change for him would be an improvement. The steady influx of refugees from North Korea makes his plight worse. Every cavern in the hills is sheltering a horde of hungry, sick, and tragically unhappy people. The main task of M. G., "to curb unrest and disease," is indeed monumental. How to find jobs for all the unskilled labor? Factories are idle for lack of equipment and stores are empty for want of anything to sell. In the cities bands of homeless children depend for subsistence on being able to loot G.I. mess hall garbage cans. The Prostitution Act recently passed has made the rehabilitation of a large number of socially ostracized women the responsibility of the Department of Public Health and Welfare, which is in no way equipped to deal with this type of problem, entirely without precedent in their experience and, furthermore, contrary to all Oriental custom.

The impact of the West on the East in Korea is in itself a very disturbing factor. Japan and China have long felt the influence of the Occident, and large British

and American colonies existed before the war throughout both of those countries. But the only Westerners that Kim knew, before the occupation, were the missionaries and a few traders. An American woman is still a sensation in any Korean village today. Now Kim and his wife, working as servants in a Dependent House (the residence of an American member of M. G. and his family), can observe the living conditions of this foreign people. And Kim's neighbor, whose son may be in middle school, is having trouble with the boy. He wants to leave school to work as a houseboy for an American family so they will take him back to the States. Young people are especially aroused and seeking a better answer to their questions than those pat replies their parents or their teachers have to offer. The colleges are centers of unrest, and a number of political killings have been perpetrated by school boys with school boys or teachers as victims. Part of this disturbance results from the fact that so little of intellectual value is offered by the schools that students turn to the more challenging and systematic ideas of political propagandists outside the school. There are no science laboratories in Korean higher schools and there are no libraries for student use. There are some books, but these are reserved for teachers. There is no sports program, only regimented exercises in the Japanese military tradition.

Women's colleges (there are four of these) and middle schools—the sexes are strictly segregated—are not even in the same class with the most narrowly conceived finishing schools of our plush and taffeta era of women's training. The outstanding piece of equipment in these female cemeteries is the sewing machine and the most honored name is Singer, its inventor. The chief artistic field of specialization is embroidery, and graduation (no

degrees are conferred) guarantees completion of the courses in cooking and coiffure arrangement. M. G. has made no effort to change this curriculum and, since the American women in Korea with few exceptions have been housekeepers (dependent wives of military personnel) and typists (hoping to be housewives soon), the example set by the occupation can not be relied on to affect much change by its influence. No woman holds or has held a position in M. G. as adviser to the head of a department (there are twelve of these), and only a handful of women have had professional ratings. Yet the women of Korea, representing more than half the population, now have suffrage but without any opportunity whatever for political or civic education. Koreans must be puzzled by the American advisers' insistence that women be represented in the native government (four Korean women were appointed by M. G. to the Interim Legislature, but, although many ran for government office in the May 10 balloting, not one was elected) when no American women have positions of responsibility in M. G. itself. This probably impresses them as customary "Migook" (Korean for "American") inconsistency.

Most Americans are either hopeless or skeptical about the possibilities of improving conditions in Korea. They see little of cultural value left to preserve or revive. From their unenlightened point of view, the people seem unmitigatedly stupid and unregenerate. The economic picture is black. The 38th parallel, which bifurcates Korea, severing the mutually dependent halves (North Korea is mainly industrial while South Korea is mainly agricultural), and restrictions on commerce between Korea and markets in China and Japan have all but stagnated the economy. Korean currency has no value, so that money wages can no longer

be considered an incentive to work. Even M. G. found it necessary to distribute supplementary goods, clothing, and food, in order to keep its Korean workers functioning. Political uncertainty stultifies the efforts of those few Koreans who are engaged in private enterprise. Statistics are wholly unreliable and usually unavailable, so that little can be done by way of estimating or of making a scientific analysis of anything. The best indication of population trends is in the easily observable marks of universal pregnancy. The best index to national food supply is in the lean faces, drawn belts, and baggy clothes of the men and women on the country roads. Conditions of transportation can be readily deduced from the block-long lines waiting for the rattling trolley cars. The number of children in school can be judged better by the hordes of them in the streets, at all hours of the day, than by any figures issued from the National Education Office.

Improvement in any of these areas means a total revolution such as the people themselves are incapable of effecting. The force of custom is too strong, and the Confucian family system, upon which everything in the social order hinges, is the great stumbling block to progress. The power of this social organization is so great as to make any voluntary reform at present impossible. American officials take little cognizance of the far-reaching effects of a centuries-old system completely unfamiliar to them. Few realize that Oriental law, for example, is built around these highly ramified family relationships. The codes of all business operations defer to them, and behavior patterns are carefully drawn in conformity to them. Lack of knowledge of the historical background and lack of understanding of this entire social framework, as well as lack of realization of its importance in ordering the lives

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of the people, down to the smallest detail, have cost the American advisory staff much loss of time and effort. If occupation officials, military and civilian alike, had been briefed on some of the social and psychological problems to be faced, rather than left to read what books they could find on Korea—if they were so curious as to read any at all—much of the “unco-operativeness” and distrust they met with might have been avoided. When I was hired in Washington, two years ago, the only books available in the Pentagon War Department library were about six volumes of travel literature (decorated with pictures of supposedly attractive Kiesangs), published by the Japanese in the early years of the century to entice visitors to Korea. Probably no more deluding a picture of postwar Korea could be imagined, unless it was that contained in the pseudo-scholarly publications of the missionary-staffed Royal Asiatic Society. The only book to supplement and contradict this rosy, National-Geographic type of travel lore was the statistically outdated work of Grandjanzev, titled *Modern Korea*. This book attempted a factual analysis and gave a hint of true conditions, but it was not found on the Pentagon shelves.

From the point of this writing (more than four months after leaving Korea), the immediate future in that country looks dark indeed. The present leaders of the newly elected government are men who look backward with tired and rheumy eyes. The new Minister of Education, for instance, is an ex-professor of philosophy whose policies will be influenced inevitably by his own training in Pre-World-War-I Germany. The youth who support the new regime are largely the sons of the articulate and propertied upper class whose political interest is a matter of privilege rather than of patriotism. Dis-

orders and terrorism loom. The constabulary and the police, responsible for keeping order are, of course, dedicated to the interests of this class and are generally the most intensely hated groups in the country. And, from firsthand observation of their gestapo-like treatment of the people, it would seem, justifiably so.

Internal struggles of all kinds will grow more serious now that a government has been established, and these will not be only a result of evacuation or of the modern cleavage made by the 38° parallel. The 38° parallel is a present political barrier which objectifies a very interesting sociological line of demarcation that existed long before the Russian and American occupation armies “liberated” this sad country. Just as in the United States there is a strong feeling of North and South, “Northerners”—and many of these now figure prominently in the political scene in South Korea—are considered to be more aggressive, less polite, more industrious; as a matter of fact they are more Westernized, since missionary activity through the last hundred years has been greater in the North. Also more “Northerners” have had opportunity, through missionary efforts, to study in America and England. For this reason “Northerners” had more chance to function in key posts in the so-called Interpreters’ Government, and the feeling against them is strong in some areas of South Korea.

Although the value of the results of the recent election, wherein two-thirds of the voting population (including practically all the women) had no knowledge whatever of the most elementary political science, may be questionable in terms of democratic representation, the effort to make the election a democratic process is certainly commendable, and the new government can feel rightfully proud to be the first so chosen in the history of

Korea. But unless a young and vigorous leader rises from the Korean morass to unite the opposing factions and point the way to a working democracy which will touch every person and protect every child, we can only watch and wince at the tragic denouement to this human drama.

Dr. Monika Kehoe, who returned last summer from two years in Korea as Edu-

cational Specialist for the War Department, has published a number of articles on the problem of relations between the United States and the peoples of the Far East. During the war Dr. Kehoe worked in the Japanese American relocation centers as Director of Adult Education for the WRA, and her experience in the field of education also includes six years of college teaching in addition to work in guidance and administration.

JAPANESE ETIQUETTE

BRADFORD SMITH

WHEN the door opened, Mrs. Mori bowed so low that nothing showed but the tight bun of hair at the back of her neck and the skirt flaring out behind her.

"Oh, you must be the one they sent from the agency," Mrs. Whitewood said. "You'd better step inside." She looked down the street, then quickly closed the door. What the neighbors would think of her taking on a Japanese maid she did not know, but what else could she do? Ever since the war servants had come and gone in her house like April clouds; the procession had left her dizzy and subject to headaches. Too many people had too much money, that was the trouble. What the country needed was a stiff little depression. Just a little one, of course.

"I suppose you can clean and do laundry," Mrs. Whitewood said. Wiping a strand of blond hair back from a thin temple as if it had been a tear, she added, "I've been doing it all myself."

Mrs. Mori, fumbling in a black leather handbag, brought out a photograph in a gray cardboard folder. She stuffed the handbag under her arm so that it bunched

her coat up. Then she opened the folder. Bowing again, she held it forward. "These my sons," she said.

Raising an eyebrow in mild and surprised protest, Gloria Whitewood took the photograph. A rather handsome pair of boys looked out at her with dark eyes from under the visors of their U.S. Army caps.

"Yes, they're very—it's a nice picture." The gold frame of Mrs. Mori's glasses seemed to reflect light from her eyes. "I can pay you eighty-five cents an hour and I want you five or six afternoons a week, from three to eight."

Mrs. Mori said, "Number two boy still in Germany. Big boy going Columbia. How many children you have?"

"You won't be expected to take care of the children," Gloria said quickly. "Patty's in high school. She takes care of her own things, all but the laundry. Roger and Elsie May are mostly out with their friends, except for dinner. You do cook, don't you?"

"My children five," Mrs. Mori said, cradling her handbag in one arm as if it

had been a kitten. Her black dress and hat gave her such a solid, middle-class look that Gloria Whitewood felt a slight, unanalyzed embarrassment.

"Wouldn't you like to come in and sit down?" she said, somewhat uncertainly. She turned into the living room, hearing the quick little steps behind her. A transient fear of what she had heard about Orientals settled like a wisp of fog on the stream of her thought; also an awareness that from Mrs. Mori's point of view she had begun the interview wrong. At the same moment she apologized to herself for being so weak and considerate. When the depression came. . . . She glanced at the agency card. Mrs. Hana Mori, the name was. Then, wondering whether she should hire an Oriental with children in the house, she quickly reminded herself that a nervous collapse was in the offing unless she found someone who would stay longer than three days, who would not let the laundry mildew, and who would not attempt to pay herself a bonus in table silver.

Mrs. Mori sat on the edge of an overstuffed chair, her black silk dress pulling against knees slightly spread. Only the flesh-colored stockings, wrinkling a little at the ankle, suggested the foreignness to her of the clothes she wore.

"Very nice house," Mrs. Mori said. "How old you are?"

Mrs. Whitewood, sensing grammatical difficulty, said, "About twelve years, I think."

"You twelve years?" Mrs. Mori put a hand before her mouth to hide a smile.

"I thought you meant the house," Gloria said, icing the edge of her voice, but careful not to chill it too much. "I'm—well, forty."

"You have very young face," Mrs. Mori said. "American ladies always young face. Not like Japanese."

"You look very young yourself," Gloria lied, wondering why she was adopting Mrs. Mori's standard of etiquette. Yet it was true that there was a kind of youth in Mrs. Mori, expressed in firm skin, bright eyes, and features still faithful to the mold. But from within there showed an aging of experience, of suffering maybe, but of suffering accepted and not embittering, an acceptance of age as dignity—none of that fear of being thought old that made American women bloom with a desperate youth. I wonder if I've got on too much rouge, Gloria wondered, raising a hand to her cheek.

Mrs. Mori sat decorously on the edge of her chair, hands folded in her lap, her round little face not so much smiling as radiating light. The silence was embarrassing to Gloria, already mildly irritated



at the consideration she was showing the woman. Yet Mrs. Mori did not seem embarrassed; it was as if she merely waited for the polite interval to have passed in which either of them might have recollected something that needed saying.

She rose then, as if some signal had been given, and said, "I go in kitchen now. You show me, please."

Gloria, pushing the swinging door until it held at right angles in its catch, said quickly, "I haven't had time to pick up

this morning. If I'd known you were coming. . . ."

The dishes from dinner and breakfast spilled over the sink onto the drainboard. A pile of laundry filled the floor between table and stove.

"You like me, I stay all day," Mrs. Mori said.

"Oh, yes, I wish you would."

Retreating from the kitchen, Gloria Whitewood saw Mrs. Mori unbutton her dress and shake out a plain white cotton gown from the package. The gown closed tightly about the neck, buttoning at the back, and it was long enough to reach Mrs. Mori's ankles.

"Ma—kitanai desu ne," she heard Mrs. Mori say, as if she had her gossip there to talk to. The kitchen had already become Mrs. Mori's, and Gloria backed out of it gratefully, her relief edged with a measure of awe.

By noon Mrs. Mori had washed the dishes, had the kitchen clean, and had dusted and vacuumed downstairs. She had thrown out the old flowers and brought in new from the garden. When Gloria entered the kitchen, Mrs. Mori was arranging them in a shallow bowl, carefully slanting one of the spears.

"They look lovely," Gloria said, but she straightened the spear before she carried the flowers into the living room.

Back in the kitchen she said, "You'd better get yourself some lunch. You don't need to bother about me. I'll get a sandwich when I feel like it. You've certainly done a lot this morning."

"When first come America, I cook and wash for twelve—fourteen—men," Mrs. Mori said. "This like yasumi—vacation. No time fix flowers then."

Words came into Gloria's mind that she had spoken to Mr. Whitewood this morning: "If I don't get somebody to help with the housework, I'll collapse."

"You have some Japanese tea?" Mrs. Mori inquired, taking a folded paper from her handbag. She dropped a few leaves into a tea pot and poured steaming water in.

"I don't care for tea. But there's cream in the icebox," Gloria said.

"Japanese tea, no cream, no sugar," said Mrs. Mori. "Here, you taste."

It was mild, clear, slightly astringent but warm—not unlike Mrs. Mori, she thought.

"You like?" Mrs. Mori said.

"Yes, I like it quite well. It's—not as bitter as I thought."

"I give you," Mrs. Mori said, thrusting the paper of tea across the kitchen table. "This good for you when you have tired or empty."

"Well—thank you."

Gloria could feel the warmth rise until it touched her flat cheeks, the pale indented temples. She went quickly upstairs to look into her mirror, wondering if she looked as well as she felt. It seemed as if that pinched look about the nostrils and the wrinkles around her mouth that had worried her and made her irritable might have gone a little. If only Mrs. Mori turned out well. Then she wondered: could I look younger if I dared look a little older—like Mrs. Mori?

She put on the dress she had bought last week, a consolation over the loss of a very promising maid, and went down to the kitchen.

Mrs. Mori was up on a chair, dusting the shelves where the best china was kept. Perhaps her entrance startled Mrs. Mori. At any rate, the gilded platter she held in her hand slipped and shattered on the floor. It was the meat platter that went with the dinner set.

"Oh, my God," Gloria said. The pinched look came back, and she could feel it coming and could do nothing to stop it. "Couldn't you be more careful?"

JAPANESE ETIQUETTE

Mrs. Mori giggled—an exasperating sound under the circumstances.

"You might at least say you're sorry," Gloria said.

Mrs. Mori giggled again, but somehow even in her anger Gloria sensed that Mrs. Mori was trying to erase her employer's loss of control.

Gloria, sensing a defeat she did not know the shape of, went out to the garage and started the car. Racing the motor, she wondered: Why shouldn't I have been angry? I had a right to be. And at the bridge party the thought kept pushing up to the surface: Who is she that I care what she thinks? What does it matter if she can do five times as much as I can? Isn't that what I want her for?

Though she boasted about her new maid, an uneasiness made what should have been a carefree afternoon a failure. She even failed to get a thrill from her winnings—even her winnings from Doris Whittlesea who usually won and always crowded.

On the way home she tried to think what she should say to Mrs. Mori. You had to be firm with servants—everyone knew that—but she could at least say something pleasant, tell her it wouldn't be taken out of her wages this time.

But Mrs. Mori was not there. So that's the end of it, she thought. Here we go again. The only difference is, she's the first one who ever went without demanding her money.

Roger and Elsie May were there. She asked them, "Was there anyone here when you came home?"

"Hana was here," Roger said. "She said she was going to work for us. She's got two boys that are soldiers. She's Japanese, but they're American. She showed us their pictures."

"She made this for me," Elsie May said. It was a bird skillfully done in three dimensions by some intricate method of

folding a sheet of paper. Elsie May had already smudged it a good bit, carrying it around with her.

"Did she say anything about coming back?"

"She said if we took good care of the house till she came back, she'd bring us something. And after dinner she's going to make some more birds and things if we're good."

That's Japanese etiquette, Mrs. White-wood thought. She'll probably never appear again. But she said, "Well, where did she go? When's she coming back?"

"She's coming back when she gets here," Elsie May said and laughed, thinking it very funny because she had met that kind of answer for the first time.

It was nearly six when Gloria came back from shopping. Mrs. Mori was still missing—had no intention of returning, obviously. That's your Japanese politeness for you, she told herself. God, another meal to get.

She had gone upstairs to change when a commotion arose at the front door, Roger and Elsie May squealing in their high-pitched excited voices, and then what appeared to be silence.

"Who is it?" she called down the stairs.

"It's Hana. She's got a present for us. She's got one for you, too."

Elsie May had a small Japanese doll, Roger a toy sword. Gloria did not approve of military toys for children.

"I go back home—for this," Mrs. Mori said. That meant at least an hour's trip each way. She had a box wrapped in white paper, and on the top of it a small paper talisman of some sort, white and red. "Very poor present," she said. "Because I make too much trouble for you." She held it forward with a priest-like gesture of oblation.

"Oh, I couldn't take it, really. If it's about the platter, let's just forget it and try to be careful."

COMMON GROUND

"Please," Mrs. Mori said. She said it like "pu-ree-su," and the way she said it made infinite the plea.

Gloria sensed that for Mrs. Mori something very important was at stake, and that she had better give in. It was almost as if in accepting the gift she was binding herself to a compact, but one whose terms she did not understand.

"Well—" Gloria said. "Thank you very much, then." She started to put it down on the hall table. But Mrs. Mori stood in expectation.

"Open it, Mother. Why don't you open it?" Elsie May said.

So she opened it. Inside a cardboard box was a smooth unpainted wooden box, a little darkened with age, and inside the wooden box a piece of bright yellow cloth. She spread the cloth back and found a bowl lacquered in mottled gold. Though she knew nothing about lacquer, anyone could tell that this was a museum piece.

"Oh, no," she said. "You can't give me this. The platter wasn't worth. . . ." But this too was the wrong thing to say.

"Yes, I give you," Mrs. Mori said. "This from my father's family. He was samurai, but family very poor when emperor say no more samurai. You put on fireplace shelf, I think."

"Well," said Mrs. Whitewood, "thank you very much."

Mrs. Mori followed her into the living room. She stood in the middle of the rug while Mrs. Whitewood took the bowl out of its box and placed it, resting on its own teakwood base, on the mantel. Gloria thought she saw the woman bow slightly, as if before an altar. And it seemed to her as if some affinity between the golden bowl and the gold-skinned woman set up a shining between them, a wave length to which they responded, fortifying each other. Mrs. Mori did not seem so very small, after all—only compact and solid.

"Make us a bird, Hana," Elsie May sang. "Make us another bird."

Gloria, caught in an unexpected rush of tenderness, kissed her daughter's hair and laid her hand on Roger's shoulder. Then she smiled what she imagined to be a madonna smile at Mrs. Mori. The tight, pinched feeling was gone.

"Let's go to the kitchen," she said, "and have a cup of tea—Japanese tea."

Bradford Smith has been writing fiction with a Japanese background since his first novel, To the Mountain. His most recent book is Americans From Japan, one of the Peoples of America series, written under a Guggenheim Fellowship and published in August by Lippincott.

The drawing is by Miné Okubo.

BALLAD OF THE SEVEN SONGS

LANGSTON HUGHES

A Poem for
Emancipation Day

Seven letters,
Seven songs.
The seven letters
F-R-E-E-D-O-M
Spell Freedom.
The seven songs
Capture segments of its history
In terms of black America.

Seven songs,
Seven names:
 Cudjoe
 Sojourner Truth
 Harriet Tubman
 Frederick Douglass
 Booker T. Washington
 Dr. Carver
 Jackie
Seven men and women
From unrecorded slavery to recorded free:

For Emancipation Day
Seven songs,
Seven men,
Seven letters
That spell Freedom.

It was an easy name to give a slave
So they called him Cudjoe.
There were four million Cudjoes
Before Emancipation came.

What did it mean to be a slave?

COMMON GROUND

That you could not choose your own son's name,
Nor your own son's father or mother,
Nor your own son's home, or work, or way of life,
(Nor indeed could you choose your own)
Nor choose to have or not have a son.
No part of life or self
Belonged to Cudjoe—slave.

To Cudjoe—slave—
Only a dream belonged.
Seven letters spelled the dream:

F-R-E-E-D-O-M

Freedom!

But in the cane fields, in the rice fields,
In the bondage of the cotton,
In the deep dark of the captive heart,
Sometimes Freedom seemed so far away,
Farther away than the farthest star,
So far, so far—
That only over Jordan was there a dream
Called Freedom.

Cudjoe's song was:

Deep river,
My home is over Jordan.
Deep river, Lord,
I want to cross over into camp ground.
O, don't you want to go to that gospel feast,
That promised land where all is peace? . . .
Deep river, Lord,
I want to cross over into camp ground.

Death was a deep river,
And only over Jordan, Freedom.
Oh, night! Oh, moon! Oh, stars!
Oh, stars that guide lone sailing boats
Across the great dark sea,
Star, guide thou me!

Star! Star! Star!
North Star! North.
I cannot catch my breath
For fear of that one star
And that one word:
Star—Free—Freedom—North Star!
Where is the road that leads me to that star?

BALLAD OF THE SEVEN SONGS

Ah, ha! The road?
Dogs guard that road,
Patrollers guard that road,
Bloodhounds with dripping muzzles
Guard that road!
Gun, lash, and noose
Guard that road!

Freedom was not a word:
Freedom was the dark swamp crossed,
And death defied,
Fear laid aside,
And a song that whispered, crooned,
And while it whispered cried:

Oh, Freedom!
Freedom over me!
Before I'd be a slave,
I'd be buried in my grave
And go home to my Lord
And be free!

Harriet Tubman—slave.
She wanted to be free.
She'd heard of that word with seven letters.
She could not read the word,
Nor spell the word,
But she smelled the word,
Tasted the word,
On the North wind heard the word.
And she saw it in a star.

Before I'd be a slave,
I'd be buried in my grave
And go home to my Lord
And be free!

Sojourner Truth—slave.
She wanted to be free.
Her sons and daughters sold away,
Still she wanted to be free.
She said:
I look up at de stars,
My chillun look up at de stars.
They don't know where I be

COMMON GROUND

And I don't know where they be.
God said, Sojourner, go free!
Go free! Free! Freedom! Free!

Before I'd be a slave
I'd be buried in my grave. . . .

Before Emancipation thousands of slaves
Made their way to freedom—
Through swamp and brier, over field and hill,
By dark of night, prayer-guided, star-guided,
Guided by that human will that makes men love
A word called Freedom—
And the deep river was not Jordan, but the Ohio,
Home was not heaven, but the North.
North! North Star! North!

Frederick Douglass called his paper
"The North Star."

Douglass had made his way to freedom.
Sojourner Truth made her way to freedom.
Harriet Tubman made her way to freedom;
Then she went back into slavery land,
And back again, and back again, and again, again,
Each time bringing a band of slaves
(Who once were slaves, now slaves no more)
To freedom!
Before the Civil War,
Long before '61,
Before Emancipation,
Freedom had begun!

Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt land
Tell old Pharaoh
To let my people go!

Linking arms for freedom
With the one-time slaves,
With Douglass, Harriet, Sojourner,
Were Whittier, Garrison, Lovejoy, Lowell—
Great Americans who believed in all men being free.
And thousands more—white, too, but not so famous—

BALLAD OF THE SEVEN SONGS

*Dared arrest and scorn and persecution
That black men might be free:
The stations of the underground railroad to freedom
Became many—
And the North Star found a million friends.
And of that time a book was born, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
And a spirit was born, John Brown.
And a song was born:*

*Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword: . . .*

And a war was born:

*John Brown's body lies
A-mouldering in the grave—
But his soul goes marching on!*

And a voice to set the nation right:

*With malice toward none,
With charity for all. . . .*

Lincoln . . .

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,

Abraham . . .

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;

Lincoln . . .

As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,

Abraham . . .

While God is marching on.

Lincoln . . .

*In giving freedom to the slave
we assure freedom to the free. . . .*

COMMON GROUND

Abraham . . .

No man is good enough to govern another
man without that other's consent.

Lincoln . . .

I do ordain . . . thenceforward and forever free.

*But the fields still needed planting,
The cane still needed cutting,
The cotton still needed picking,
The old mule still needed a hand to guide the plow:*

De cotton needs pickin'
So bad, so bad, so bad!
De cotton needs pickin' so bad!
Gonna glean all over this field!

And on the river boats the song:

Roll dat bale, boy!
Roll dat bale! . . .

*Up the river to Memphis, Cairo, St. Louis,
Work and song, work and song—stevedores, foundry men,
Brick layers, builders, makers, section hands, railroad shakers:*

There ain't no hammer
In this mountain
Rings like mine, boys,
Rings like mine!

*Freedom is a mighty word,
But not an easy word.
You have to hold hard to freedom.
And as somebody said,
Maybe you have to win it all over again every generation.
There're no color lines in freedom.
But not all the "free" are free.
Still it's a long step from Cudjoe—slave,
From Harriet Tubman—slave,
Sojourner Truth—slave,
Frederick Douglass—slave
Who had to run away to freedom—*

BALLAD OF THE SEVEN SONGS

It's a long step to Booker T. Washington
Building Tuskegee,
To Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois building a culture for America.
It's a long step from Cudjoe—slave
Hoing cotton—
To George Washington Carver—once slave—
Giving his discoveries in agricultural chemistry to the world.
It's a long song from:

Before I'd be a slave
I'd be buried in my grave. . . .

To Dorothy Maynor singing, "Depuis le jour."
It's a long step from Cudjoe—slave—
To Jackie Robinson hitting a homer.

Yet to some Freedom is still
Only a part of a word:
Some of the letters are missing.
Yet it's enough of a word
To lay hands on and hope,
It's enough of a word
To be a universal star—
Not just a North Star anymore:

Thenceforward and forever—free!

Oh, Freedom!
Freedom over me!
Before I'd be a slave
I'd be buried in my grave
And go home to my Lord
And be free!

Langston Hughes' "Ballad of the Seven Songs" will be part of a broadcast by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People on Emancipation Day, January 1. Mr. Hughes, always busy as a writer and lecturer, will see his sixth volume of poems, *One Way Ticket*, published in January. The same month, a definitive anthology, *The Poetry of the Negro*, which he edited in collaboration with Arna Bontemps, will appear. His opera, *Troubled Island*, the music by William Grant Still, is on the spring schedule of the New York City Center Opera Company.

BELONGING

LEILA BARRETT

A FEELING of great contentment filled Audrey Drew when her husband turned the roadster into Chesterham's tree-lined streets. In the short time she had lived there, Chesterham with its pleasant homes, gardens, and smooth lawns had become more than a small town convenient to a large city. It was the place she had found this wonderful feeling of belonging, the place she wanted to be her home.

All her years in South America where she was born, she had felt alien, possibly because her parents were aliens and always spoke of the States as home. Then, too, there was something within herself—heredity, tradition, whatever it might be called—which kept this feeling alive.

"I wish Mr. Harrison would make up his mind about that land," she remarked wistfully, as they passed an old estate.

Phil smiled but his grey eyes were curious. "Why the hurry, sweetheart? We couldn't build now even if we had all the money."

Audrey laughed self-consciously. "I know. You'll think me a dope, but I'd like to know the land was ours."

Phil's eyes left the quiet road to caress his pretty wife. "If that's being dopey, I like it. Transplanting's rather a risky business, you know."

"Do you call returning to one's own country transplanting?"

"With you, yes. All you knew about the States was from books and homesick talk." He laughed when Audrey tried to

interrupt. "Oh, I remember those glamorous vacations. But one must actually live in a place to know it."

Audrey's low voice shook. "All my life I've dreamed of the time when I would."

Phil grinned. "You'll have me thinking you only married me to come North."

Audrey laughed and snuggled closer to him.

Phil stopped the car before one of the larger houses on Waverly Crescent. Audrey hurried to the mailbox. Out of a sheaf of bills, advertisements and magazines she drew two envelopes with red and blue borders. By the time she reached the sunporch she was absorbed in her mother's weekly letter.

Phil came in while she read the second letter. "Folks O.K., darling?"

She handed him the first letter, her eyes shining. "Oh, Phil, guess what! Raquel'll be here on Monday! She's on her way to Europe." She laughed at the blank look in his eyes. "Don't you remember Raquel Vasquez?"

"I ought to remember anyone who makes my wife glow like that. But I met so many people in Costa Bella—"

"She's the girl with the dimples—the one you said had black stars for eyes—the prettiest girl in Costa Bella. I'm so glad the guest room is ready."

An incredulous look crossed Phil's good-natured face. "You don't mean she's—she's coming here?"

"Why, of course. The Consul's made reservations for her in town, but I couldn't have her go to a hotel."

BELONGING

Phil stared at her thoughtfully. "How about something to eat? I'm starved," he said at last.

Audrey was too excited to notice Phil's preoccupation until they were putting away the dishes. "What's wrong, Phil?"

"Wrong? Why—nothing."

She stood on tiptoe to kiss his squarish chin. "You're not a very good liar, dear." Then she remembered the odd way he had looked when she told him about Raquel. She waited until he was settled in his favorite chair on the sunporch. "Well, let's have it, Phil. Is it Raquel?" she asked directly.

"In a way, yes." His eyes were on the pipe he was filling. "Wouldn't it be better for us to stay in town during her visit? She has hotel reservations—"

Audrey's eyes grew large. "I'm not ashamed of my home, Phil. In fact, I'm rather proud of it."

A quick smile lighted his face. "In case you haven't noticed it, so am I." He leaned toward her and a jaw muscle twitched. "But we have to face facts, even unpleasant ones, darling. If Raquel is the girl I'm thinking of—well—she's awfully dark," he blurted out unhappily.

Audrey's face crimsoned. "That's right. But she's my friend—and a lady. She'll never give you cause to be ashamed of her," she said earnestly.

"That's not bothering me. But you have to remember you're living in Chesterham now, not South America. Raquel has good features, but she's much too dark to pass. After all, Audrey, she's only visiting. But we intend remaining here—if the Richmonds will let us after she's gone," he added flatly.

Audrey's hoarse voice broke the stillness that followed. "Are you trying to say the Richmonds would object to Raquel's visiting us? Why, Phil, you forget how kind they've been to me—a total stranger. And they knew I was from South

America," she ended almost accusingly.

"You don't get the idea," Phil spoke patiently. "One look at you told Thalia Richmond you were Anglo-Saxon."

"That's hokum, Phil. I've known people who looked even more Anglo-Saxon—and weren't. But you're wrong about Thalia. She's not ignorant—why, she got out of a sick-bed to attend the Wellesley reunion for Madame Chiang!"

Phil's smile was strained. "But I'll bet you a bottle of Chanel to a Coca-Cola if the lady hadn't become great Thalia wouldn't even have remembered her."

Audrey stared at Phil as at a stranger. "I've never heard Thalia Richmond say a single word—"

"Then either it went over your head or you don't speak the same language." Phil's unhappy eyes looked into Audrey's, surprised and resentful. "Look, darling, more than anything I don't want you hurt. I know your background, the way you've been brought up." He smiled. "I know your Dad. But I also know few people in Chesterham share your ideas, nice as they are in every other way."

Audrey's lips were tight and her eyes expressed disbelief.

"I thought you understood," Phil said gently. "Remember when Harrison told us his section had the same restrictions as Waverly Crescent? You said it was all right with you."

Shock washed the hot color from Audrey's face. "I—I thought he meant building restrictions—not people. That's what he would have meant where I came from." Her smile was tight. "I guess you're right, Phil. I don't speak the same language." She rose quickly taking up the letters she had left there earlier. A thin sheet of paper fell to the floor. Phil reached for it but Audrey was quicker. A man's bold handwriting, four or five words to a line, stared up at her. She

straightened up slowly, head high, eyes proud. "I'm not allowing anyone to dictate who can or cannot visit me in my home, Phil," she said calmly. "After all, this is supposed to be a free country."

A slow grin spread over Phil's face. "A chip off the old block!" There was admiration in his eyes as he drew her tense body into his arms. "They say fools rush in—but who wants to sprout wings?"

Audrey clung to him. Any doubts she may have had about his own feelings were set at rest. But she was glad he wasn't angry with her, for in spite of what Phil said she didn't believe Thalia or any of the Chesterham people were like that. Otherwise how could she feel the way she did toward them? Phil was mistaken.

Long after Phil's arms had relaxed in sleep, Audrey lay awake in their circle. Even if Phil were right, why should having a friend visit her for a few days constitute a major problem? And there was the Latin American temperament, the supersensitiveness she knew so well, to think about. If Mr. Vasquez ever had the smallest reason to believe she had slighted Raquel, well, her parents as well as the other foreigners in Costa Bella would know about it in one way or another.

Raquel had been her friend since their first day in school when she had taken the three nun-shy foreigners, Sarah Goldstein, Maria Chen and herself, under her wing. The four had kept together until Raquel was sent to a Belgian finishing school. With the start of war Raquel returned and they took up their friendship where they had left off.

The fact that Raquel's father was wealthy and politically influential had never meant anything to Audrey. Raquel, the realist, knew it. Some of her happiest memories were with Raquel. School, basketball, carnival—she smiled. Mr. and

Mrs. Vasquez had always invited Fula, as they called her because of her blondness, to attend the carnival festivities with Raquel. Theirs was always the car or float with the most confetti and serpentine, the gayest party at the dances. Some day Phil and she must go to Costa Bella at Carnival time.

She decided to treat Raquel's visit as if Phil had not warned her. Their Chesterham friends would like Raquel. Whether or not they'd make her welcome, they would treat her with the courtesy due a visitor to their country.

There wasn't much time for planning. Raquel would arrive on Monday afternoon. She would prefer a quiet evening. But Tuesday she would invite the crowd in for cocktails. This would be a good opportunity to give her first large party. The Club met Wednesday. Amanda Squier, the Club president, would surely ask Raquel to attend. That would start the ball rolling. And Raquel might have plans of her own.

Early as permissible the next morning Audrey started on her invitations. Her first call was to the Richmonds who rented Phil a wing of their large house only because of his friendship with their son, a war casualty. Thanks to Thalia she had never felt strange or lonely in Chesterham. The older woman couldn't have been kinder to her own daughter. Audrey would have preferred running over for a chat but by now she knew Thalia didn't care for morning calls.

"How nice for you, Audrey," Thalia said. "You'll get first-hand news of your parents. Let me know if there's anything I can do to help—if you're short of anything—"

That was Thalia all over, Audrey thought. How could Phil even think the mean things he said last night?

Amanda Squier was next. "Oh, lovely, lovely," she exclaimed after Audrey ex-

plained the reason for her call. "Is she remaining long?"

"Only a few days. She's on her way to Paris."

"Ah, Paris!" Whenever Amanda reminisced about her European travels, her speech became quite British, to Audrey's amusement. "How about bringing your friend to the Club on Wednesday?" she said finally.

"She'd love it. Her mother organized the Costa Bella club."

"Oh! Then we might give her some ideas to take back."

As Audrey looked up her next number she wondered if Amanda's last remark hadn't been patronizing. That's what came of Phil's talk, she thought impatiently. If she didn't watch out she'd be imagining all kinds of things.

She decided to see Kate Gunter and get her promise to come. Kate's preference for small parties, a certain few for tea or an evening of good talk, gained her a reputation for snobbishness. But Audrey felt Kate to be sincere, a person who followed her own convictions.

Last on her list were the Jenningses, artist friends of Kate who lived out of town and had no telephone. She liked Mary and Pat Jennings. Their unpopularity with the crowd puzzled her though it didn't seem to bother them.

The telephone rang while she was dressing. It was Stella Larcom. "Amanda tells me she's invited your South American guest to the Club. How about tea at my place after? The usual crowd—"

"That's awfully nice of you, Stel," Audrey said gratefully.

Audrey and Phil were at the airport in plenty of time to meet Raquel. She didn't want to chance a mix-up by being late. Raquel wasn't the one to sit around waiting, not even for her.

Raquel looked smaller than Audrey

remembered as she came down the ramp. But her sparkling black eyes, the dimples that animated her serious face when she recognized Audrey in the waiting group, were the Raquel of old.

"You are prettier than ever," she told Audrey in crisp English. "Love agrees with you, Fula."

Audrey laughed and squeezed her hand. "I am very happy."

Raquel smiled mischievously. "Don't you miss us a tiny bit? But that is not fair. You have been too busy getting adjusted to a new country and people—"

"They've been wonderful to me here, Raquel. I feel that I really belong in Chesterham."

Raquel's brows lifted. "So soon?"

"You'll understand when you meet them."

"I am very glad. I was afraid you would not find it easy."

Audrey laughed. "You, too? Phil has been telling me the same thing. I guess I'm lucky."

Raquel shook her head. "Not lucky, Fula. You are rather nice, you know."

The airport limousine drove up. "A taxi will take us directly to the station," Phil suggested.

"If you will take me to my hotel first," Raquel said quickly.

Audrey laughed. "You're coming home with us, young lady. Did you think we'd let you get away so quickly?"

"You are very sweet, Fula. But my reservations are made."

"Our place is small—it would fit easily in your sala at home—but there's a room for you," Audrey laughed, "and the bed doesn't come out of the wall either."

"But I will make more work for you—"

Audrey took one of Raquel's soft hands in hers and grinned. "You can wash the dishes and make the beds if it will make you feel better."

Raquel laughed. "You think I can't,

eh? But really, I think I should go—”

“We’ll be disappointed if you don’t come home with us,” Phil cut in quietly. “Chesterham’s near enough to town for you to come in as often as you wish.”

“I came only to see Audrey,” Raquel said frankly. “But I do not want to cause any—”

Phil hailed a taxi. “Then that’s settled. We’ve just time for the train.”

Thalia Richmond was in the crowd waiting around the gates at the station when they got there. Audrey saw her looking their way and waved. Thalia stared at them peculiarly, then turned away. She couldn’t have seen us, Audrey told herself. Perhaps she’ll be waiting on the platform. But Thalia wasn’t there. Audrey felt a queer sinking in the pit of her stomach.

“Did you see what car Thalia Richmond got in, Phil?” Audrey tried to seem indifferent. Perhaps Thalia didn’t wait because she didn’t want to intrude.

“Does it matter?” Phil asked dryly. Audrey looked swiftly up at him. His kind eyes were bleak. “We won’t get seats together unless we hurry.”

Audrey felt unsure of herself.

On the drive from the station she pointed out the homes of her friends and Chesterham celebrities. “The Gunter house,” she told Raquel. “One of the oldest in these parts. You’ll like Kate. The Squiers live here. She’s asked you to the Club on Wednesday. I’ll show you Stella Larcom’s where we go for tea afterwards.”

Raquel’s dimples showed. “Sounds exactly like the American colony at home. You should not have bothered about—”

“You’ll like them,” Audrey promised.

Audrey never doubted Phil’s courtesy to their guest but she was well pleased when he gave her more attention than politeness demanded. Raquel’s comments on South American affairs were intelligent as were her observations on world affairs.

“Raquel’s quite a gal,” he told Audrey later. “Brainy.”

Audrey enjoyed entertaining. Nothing was a trouble if it could possibly add to her guests’ enjoyment. So when Raquel suggested they make her mother’s specialty, pâtés the size of a silver dollar, she was delighted. They were difficult to make but the pâtés would be new to Chesterham as well as tasty. And the work, spiced as it was with Costa Bella reminiscences and gossip, was fun..

She was proud of Raquel when they were ready to receive their guests. Raquel’s hand-embroidered ivory crepe had been deceptively simple on the hanger. But it brought out the velvety texture of her dark skin and the lustre of her straight black hair braided and wound around her head coronet fashion. The style became her small features, added dignity to her slight figure.

Audrey hoped Thalia Richmond would arrive early. Thalia’s approval was reassuring and today, thanks to Raquel’s clever hands, the decorations were more artistic than usual. But Thalia remained conspicuously absent.

Several young couples trooped gayly in together. Their chatter ceased almost entirely when they saw Raquel. As Audrey presented them to Raquel, they reminded her of children on best behavior. She became tired of hearing their repetitious “How d’you like—” or “What d’you think of the States?”

As more guests arrived, Audrey’s uneasiness grew. On the surface they were the same friendly people who had won her heart, but their slightly raised brows as they exchanged glances, their altered tones and quickly turned conversations at her approach, happened too frequently to be imagined.

She was amused when Jimmy Goodin greeted Raquel with the Spanish phrase

she had taught him. Jimmy was considered a "safe" young man. No girl ever thought of taking mad money when he took her out.

"I've been told the best way to learn Spanish is by making love to a pretty girl," Jimmy went on to say with a suggestive look that surprised and annoyed Audrey.

"I would not advise that method unless you meant it," Raquel said coolly. "You see, Latin American women take their love rather seriously."

Jimmy laughed. "That's not the way I heard it," he said moving away.

Bill Fleming's hearty voice reached Audrey across the room. "So you're from one of the banana republics," he was saying to Raquel. "I guess you're accustomed to their comic opera revolutions—a new president every other week or so." His infectious laugh rang out.

Raquel smiled gravely. "I suppose it seems very funny to you up here."

"Well, it's one way of making democracy work. Gives everybody a share of the pickings, eh?"

Ann Ballew had been silently observing Raquel with eyes more curious than friendly. She had kept Audrey on pins and needles wondering what she might bring out, for Ann was not known for her tactfulness. Now she gave Bill a scorching look. "Aw, shut up—or drop dead, why don't you?" Her high voice carried as far as Bill's. "What d'you know about democracy, anyway?" She turned to Raquel. "Don't listen to him, Miss Vasquez. He's too clever to live."

Audrey and Mrs. Ballew, tall and chronically disapproving, reached Ann's side at the same time. "We're going now, Ann. Come along." Mrs. Ballew said peremptorily.

Ann's lower lip pushed out. "But we just came, and I want to talk to Miss Vasquez."

"We'll see Ann home, Mrs. Ballew, if you have to go," Audrey put in, her eyes bright. They had taken Ann home from more than one party and right now she was feeling very fond of the girl.

Mrs. Ballew ignored Audrey. "Your father wishes you to go home with us," she said sharply.

"Better go with your mother, Ann," Audrey said quietly.

Phil was signalling for help with the refreshments, but Audrey kept an eye on Raquel. She couldn't hear what Mr. Townsend was saying but he was looking Raquel over as though she were a mare he was about to purchase while Mrs. Townsend looked on disapprovingly.

When she looked again, Amanda Squier was talking to Raquel. Perhaps Amanda was unconscious of it, but Audrey remembered seeing her talk to an accommodating powder-room maid in exactly the same condescending manner. She was on her way to the pantry with an empty tray when Amanda stopped her.

"Miss Vasquez speaks such nice English," she said brightly. She paused. "She tells me you attended school together."

"That's right." Audrey looked squarely at Amanda and knew that wasn't all she came to say. "I believe I mentioned that before."

"Perhaps you did." Amanda's eyes were cold. "But I'm sure you did not mention that she wasn't—white," she said deliberately.

Audrey's face paled and her hold on the tray tightened. "I didn't think that necessary," she said quietly.

"I suppose living in those out-of-the-way places you shouldn't be expected to know." She patted Audrey's arm lightly. "But a little tip for the future, my dear. We don't mix our company in Chesterham."

Audrey stared at the older woman, her

throat contracting painfully. "Then it's time Chesterham changed," she said.

When the Squiers left a few minutes later, Audrey leaned against the closed hall door trying to recover her composure before returning to the living room. She could hear Amanda's heels clicking on the walk, then her muffled voice. "I was never more surprised, Albert. Going to school with that girl was bad enough but associating with her as an equal—"

"That comes from raising children in those countries. They lose their pride of race."

Audrey's smothered laugh was slightly hysterical. For the first time in her life she was glad she had grown up in a country where she had chosen friends for their qualities rather than their race.

Presently only Kate, the Jenningses, and Evan Hughes, an old friend of Phil's, remained. At least the party could have a happy ending, Audrey thought. Apparently the others felt the same, for suddenly they were having fun.

Evan was the last to leave. "You've plenty of what it takes," he said to Audrey at the door. "But believe me, you're going to need it—after this."

Audrey pretended not to understand. She had no intention of showing her hurt and disappointment to anyone. "I don't know what you mean."

Evan patted her shoulder. "That's the stuff, kid. Don't let those moss-backs change you." He paused. "But don't think for a second that you can change them either."

"They seem to like me very well as I am," she said airily, knowing while she spoke that most of them didn't—not any more.

Audrey refused Raquel's and Phil's aid in the pantry. She would leave the clearing up until morning, she said. But after they said good-night she worked feverishly clearing away the food her

guests had not stayed long enough to consume. She wanted no reminders in the morning. Too bad she couldn't dispose of the memory as easily, she thought. Even if Thalia, Amanda, and the rest were as nice to her as before, it would never be the same.

She dawdled over preparations for bed until she was sure Phil was asleep. She didn't want to talk, for, try as she might, he would see through her forced cheerfulness. After all, he had warned her. It wasn't his fault she had refused to believe him. But out of her unhappiness a deep feeling of thankfulness for his loyalty welled up in her.

Phil had just left the next morning when the telephone rang.

"I hope I didn't get you out of bed," Amanda Squier said in a crisp voice. "I'm awfully sorry, Audrey, but I entirely forgot today's Club meeting is to be a closed session—you know—for members only." She paused and added lamely, "I hope it won't interfere with your plans."

Audrey's face burned. As if she would have taken Raquel there after last night! "That's quite all right, Mrs. Squier," she said, her voice brittle. "We couldn't have made it anyway."

Her hands were clammy when she put the receiver down. Raquel's eyes were on the morning paper but she must have heard. She had wanted Raquel to think their changed plans were her doing. She was almost glad when the door-bell rang before she could speak. It was a messenger from Stella Larcom. "I'm awfully sorry to call off the tea. One of my bad migraines."

Audrey tore the note into tiny bits. Stella had been one of the few who seemed herself last night. The poor telephone operator! They must have kept her busy last night!

The telephone was ringing again. She heard Raquel say, "I'd love to but you'd

better talk to Audrey." Raquel handed her the receiver. "It's Miss Gunter."

"Audrey, I tried to get you earlier. Why don't you and Raquel cut the Club and lunch with me? Mother's crazy to meet Raquel and show off the old house." If Kate was doing this to save her face. . . . "The Jenningses are dying to sketch Raquel and they won't have another chance. Be a good sport—"

Kate really wanted them. She had enjoyed talking to Raquel, found her interesting as Phil had, and as the others would if they had given themselves a chance to know her.

Raquel fell in almost too easily with the change of plans. "We'll have more fun at Kate's. Besides I'd love to meet that nice couple again." Her dimples flashed. "They should paint us together, Fula. Call it Good Neighbors."

And hang it in Chesterham's museum, Audrey thought acidly. But, as hurt and ashamed as she felt, she was glad for Raquel's sense of humor, rare enough among Latin Americans. Suddenly she knew Raquel had not expected Chesterham people to be any different.

While Kate's luncheon was informal, a table set under an old grape arbor at the side of the house, she had spared no pains either with the food or service. Mrs. Gunter reminded Raquel of Audrey's mother, the same kindly reserve, and she felt immediately at ease. The Jenningses were delighted at the opportunity to sketch her and the afternoon went by swiftly and pleasantly. Before Audrey knew it, Kate was serving tea.

"I must arrange for my ticket tomorrow, Fula," Raquel said after they left the Gunters. "It's lovely out here, but I think it best to remain in town until I leave." She paused. "Couldn't you come with me? It will only be for a couple of days."

Audrey's face blanked. "Where—what hotel—"

"You know, the suite the Consul reserved for me? It is paid for whether I occupy it or not. Unless Phil will not—"

"Phil? He'll be delighted for an excuse to step out." They had come right back to Phil's original suggestion. But how could she not have offered Raquel the hospitality of her home?

It was Saturday morning and Audrey was preparing breakfast while Phil was looking through the two-day accumulation of mail. They had told Raquel goodbye last night at the airport. Audrey was remembering their last minute talk. "Will you be returning home via the States?" she had asked Raquel.

Raquel shook her head. "The next time we meet will be in Costa Bella, *Dios quiero*," Raquel said slowly. "It has been wonderful seeing you, and your Phil. As they say here, he is a grand guy. I will say he is a caballero."

The words pleased Audrey. Raquel was not in the habit of saying things for effect. And it was true. Phil had done all in his power to make their stay in town pleasant. And he had never once reminded her of his warning. It wouldn't be fair to burden him with this terrible fit of the blues she had this morning. What she needed was a cup of coffee. She turned the flame higher under the kettle, and smiled slightly. Coffee had been her mother's cure-all. If she could have a talk with her or her Dad she would feel better. She could never write them what had happened.

Phil's eyes drew hers to him. He was smiling broadly, extending a letter to her. "It's from Harrison."

Audrey placed it to one side and went on squeezing oranges.

"It's good news, darling. You can

have any part of his land. He'll be in Chesterham today, he says. We can meet him out there after breakfast if you're not too tired."

Audrey wondered at her lack of response to the news that would have made her happiness perfect a week ago. But that was before she found out that Chesterham was different from what she had believed. She didn't belong to Chesterham any more than to South America. Where then did she belong? This must be the way displaced persons feel, she thought. But how could she feel this way in her own country, the place she had yearned for all her life?

"You've changed your mind, haven't you?" Phil asked gently. "Well, that's O.K. with me, sweetheart."

She was silent, thankful for Phil's understanding. She had so much.

"Some day you'll find the right place," Phil said.

She wanted to ask Where? Where? Instead she said, "Do you really think so, Phil?"

"Why not? Everything is possible, if we want it badly enough."

The fragrance of fresh coffee pervaded the kitchen. Audrey filled two cups. "It's such a wonderful feeling—belonging," she said wistfully.

Leila Barrett has spent the greater part of her life in Panama, though she now lives in New York City. Her story "Legacy," appeared in the Autumn 1944 issue of CG.

TO THE NEGRO

MARJORIE BERKOWITZ

*There are those who give you sympathy
and you scorn them.*

*Sympathy is a smug small thing that comes out of a
little world which looks down from its ivory tower
top.*

I give you something of another kind.

I give you my anger.

*I offer it to you with the confidence that only an
angry man can feel.*

*My anger scoring its mark against the cancer of hate
comes from an outraged soul whose eyes burn and face
reddens as the dignity of man is humiliated.*

*I offer it to you to add to your own until the anger
of men shall rise to such heights that the indignities
we now suffer will be crushed and your smooth brown skin
will be no more than smooth brown skin.*

Marjorie Berkowitz is a New Jersey free-lance writer, now secretary of a union.

THE BUSY BISHOP

JOHN COGLEY

HIS EXCELLENCY, the Most Reverend Bernard James Sheil, Doctor of Divinity, Senior Auxiliary Bishop of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of Chicago, and founder of the internationally famous Catholic Youth Organization, is the kind of churchman found only in America. Bishop Sheil is as far removed from the austere, standoffish prelate of tradition as Bing Crosby's Father O'Malley from Cardinal Richelieu.

Sheil is a Bishop Chicagoans are used to seeing in the middle of a crowd of cigar-chewing fight fans, grinning broadly while two of his cvo youngsters pummel the daylights out of each other in the ring. They have seen him, smiling, at the side of Frank Sinatra (to whom he recently gave a cvo award for combatting racial prejudice), artfully dodging the eager reaches of hysterical bobby soxers. Some lofty monsignors and awesome city fathers have waited, furious, in the episcopal outer offices while the Bishop talked seriously for an hour or two with a troubled newsboy from Chicago's loop. Attendants at the Cook County hospital have seen him come in at midnight, after a full hard day at his desk, to have a final word with one of his boys—a colored newsboy near death.

Newspaper writers have dubbed Sheil the Prelate of the People. It is a title he has earned by many spectacular achievements. But it is by taking a vigorously active, almost symbolic role in the lusty drama of the people in the nation's second largest city that the Chicago Bishop gives daily validity to the title.

Chicago is to the Bishop what New York is to Walter Winchell. It is his own, his native land. He will tell you proudly that he was born in the windy city, that he loves the place, and that he knows it top and bottom, high and low, as well as any man living. "You can't get to know Chicago over night," the Bishop says thoughtfully. "It takes time and patience. But there's no other place in the world like it. It's America—boisterous, overly confident, wanting in many things, but ever ready to go ahead in the struggle for an expanding democracy. I love this city."

And the city loves him. Ask any group of ordinary Chicagoans about their favorite people, and it's dollars to doughnuts the name of the Catholic Bishop will be high on the list: "He's a great guy."

Bernard Sheil was born 60 years ago in a typical working-class neighborhood on Chicago's tough West Side. He began his education at St. Columbkille's parochial school. From the nuns there he went on for further study with the Viatorian Fathers who conducted a small college and theological seminary at nearby Bourbonnais, Illinois. St. Viator's College, which perished with the depression of the '30s, was later the alma mater of Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, famed radio preacher and convert-maker.

As a student at St. Viator's, "Benny" Sheil excelled in public speaking, debating, and athletics. All three proved to be useful in his subsequent career. Old alumni of the college glowingly remember the

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Chicago Bishop as a star pitcher, who, in 1906, brought glory to their obscure campus by hurling a one-run-no-hit nine innings against the University of Illinois Big-Ten Champion team. After the game Sheil was approached by scouts from the major leagues. The little college buzzed with proud excitement, but everyone got a shock when the inviting offers were firmly turned down. Sheil explained that he planned to enter the seminary department of St. Viator's next semester: there would be no career in big-time baseball.

Four years later, 22-year-old Bernard Sheil was ordained to the priesthood by Archbishop Quigley in Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago. He returned to St. Columbkille's, where he had been an altar boy, for his first Mass on Sunday, May 22, 1910. And then he went to work.

Father Sheil's first appointment was to assist the pastor of St. Mel's Church on the far West Side of Chicago, one of the largest Catholic parishes in the world. During World War I, he was chaplain at the sprawling naval training center at Great Lakes, Illinois. Later he put in a stretch as chaplain at the Cook County jail while serving as curate at the Cathedral. It was here he had the idea later to be made concrete in the Catholic Youth Organization. Father Sheil, prayer book in hand, was solemnly accompanying a young murderer to the gallows. The minute hand of the clock moved inexorably toward midnight. The room was in deathly silence. Suddenly, just as the black hood was being placed over his head, the kid killer shrieked out at the priest: "Why do they wait until the rope is around my neck before they start to do something?"

It was a terrible question. And it was a question Bernard Sheil has remembered for a lifetime. The cry was conceived that night in his mind.

For the next months the prison chap-

lain dreamed about an over-all program designed to put young underprivileged Chicagoans on the right track and keep them there. The priest's idea was primarily to save souls, but he knew that the challenge of a slum-ridden city and of children growing up on the streets called for a more tangible answer than pulpit oratory. He envisioned an organization that would take youngsters from the city's overcrowded districts, give them a decent outlet for their exuberant energies, teach them moral and religious principles, preferably by example, and turn potential public enemies into good citizens.

Father Sheil remembered a phrase from his seminary classes in theology: *gratia supponit naturam*—grace is built on nature. In his mind the priest had declared war on Chicago's slums—an all-out battle for the souls of neglected youngsters. To win his war he would use every natural weapon available: athletics, amateur dramatics, wholesome movies, ice-cream cones. Whatever might win the interest of an underprivileged child would be investigated and, if possible, worked into his program.

But it was over a decade later before he could get the work under way.

The years between were busy. He was appointed to the diocesan chancery office, administrative headquarters of church affairs, as assistant to the chancellor of Catholic Chicago. Finally, in 1924, Sheil himself was named chancellor. Almost immediately he sailed for Rome with Archbishop Mundelein, who was going to get the red hat from Pius XI. In the Vatican there was an audience with the Pope, who praised Father Sheil's work at the County jail. "You have indeed seen life," the pontiff told the young chancellor. "You know life at its best and its worst."

Father Sheil came back from Rome a monsignor.

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When Mundelein's auxiliary, Bishop Edward F. Hoban, was chosen to take over the vacant see of Rockford, Illinois, the Cardinal looked around for a successor. He chose Monsignor Sheil, who had impressed superiors by his work in the chancery office and by the organizing genius he had shown during the mammoth Eucharistic Congress held in Chicago during the summer of 1926.

Sheil was consecrated Bishop in Holy Name Cathedral on May 1, 1928, by Cardinal Mundelein and appointed auxiliary of the vast archdiocese of Chicago.

Ordinarily, auxiliary bishops are like vice-presidents—to be seen and not heard. They take over routine episcopal tasks in the larger diocese—administering the sacrament of Confirmation, ordaining monks and friars to the priesthood, making commencement addresses at the high schools and colleges—and otherwise keep themselves busy with the parishes usually assigned to them. But every now and then a Bernard Sheil appears in a diocese.

Two years after he received the mitre, Bishop Sheil got his Catholic Youth Organization under way, with Cardinal Mundelein's blessing. Today his work is felt directly by over 100,000 youngsters in the Chicago archdiocese. Cyo educational projects, no longer confined to young people, also reach thousands of adults.

Cyo headquarters in Chicago are located in a shabby office building at 31 East Congress Street on the dirty fringe of the loop. The building is midway between the two blocks separating swank Michigan Boulevard with its smart shops and opulent hotels from the honky-tonk stretch of flophouses, burlesque theaters, and soup-soap-and-salvation missions of South State Street.

The ground floor of the headquarters is given to the cyo-sponsored St. Benet Library, outstanding Catholic lending li-

brary in the United States. Presiding over the comfortable library is a gentle, white-haired lady in her 70s—Miss Sara B. O'Neill, a retired school teacher. She needs three assistants to carry on the work. There are over 6,000 books in the storefront library, mostly volumes of history, philosophy, social science, theology, and Catholic apologetics. A sign in the window tells passers-by that the library also serves as a Catholic Information Center. A Paulist Father from Old St. Mary's is on hand every afternoon and evening to straighten out interested non-Catholics on points of Church teaching and practice.

The library is a center of Catholic Chicago's intellectual life. On any ordinary afternoon or evening, you are likely to find professors from the nearby Catholic universities—Loyola, DePaul, Notre Dame—heatedly arguing a point from St. Thomas Aquinas' *Summa Theologica*. Off in another room may be a young factory worker, studying quietly in a corner, preparing for an evening class in Spanish. For St. Benet's also serves as student library for the Sheil School of Social Studies, which holds classes four nights a week upstairs.

The Bishop started his School of Social Studies in 1942. It is an adult education project open to citizens of Chicago of all ages, creeds, colors. A registration fee of two dollars qualifies anyone to take classes, attend all lectures. No previous educational standards are required. No credits are asked for, none given. There are no textbooks to be bought (the school supplies voluminous mimeographed material), no grades are issued, no attendance is taken. The only reason for anyone to enroll in the Sheil School is a desire to learn. It's the kind of school professors dream about.

When the Bishop dedicated it, he said:

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"We need knowledge to preserve and develop our democracy. As in all times of crisis, our country is more or less up for grabs. When it comes down it is important that you be there to catch it and insure its continuity. If you don't catch it, there are those who will—the Communists, the Fascists, the forces of reaction. This means you must know thoroughly what democracy is, must appreciate fully its worth and its potentialities."

The school offers classes in just about everything—from theology to bookkeeping. The Sheil School faculty, like its students, is comprised of all kinds of people. Professors from the diocesan Catholic universities and colleges, from the University of Chicago, from Northwestern and Illinois, devote free evenings to classes at the school. The editor of a labor paper conducts courses in parliamentary procedure and social theory. A nun-professor from Rosary College has special permission to leave her convent at night for classes in political science. A housewife, former actress, gives a course in dramatics and stage techniques. A Russian monk teaches the language of the Soviet. A priest and a sportswriter lead Great Books discussions. Members of the American Newspaper Guild have given a complete, practical course on every phase of publishing. A Protestant minister lectures on race relations. A visiting congressman will turn up now and then for a special talk on new legislation. A popular novelist may be called in to answer questions about his book. A scholarly theologian with half a dozen degrees after his name will be summoned from one of the neighboring seminaries to initiate a class of stenographers and shipping clerks into the mysteries of Aristotelian metaphysics. Next door to him a tough, seasoned union organizer may be telling a class of priests

and high school teachers why he doesn't like the Taft-Hartley law.

Once a year the Bishop throws a dinner for the faculty of the school. The martinis and roast beef served that night are the only tangible payment the volunteer teachers receive. Gathered in the Sheraton Hotel dining room, the faculty represents an unusually wide variety of interests, viewpoints, experience, even religious beliefs—a variety as wide as the broad scope of the school itself, which numbers professors among its students and factory workers on its faculty.

To direct the school Bishop Sheil got the services of the former president of his alma mater, St. Viator's. Father Edward V. Cardinal, head of Sheil School, has also served on the faculties of Loyola in Chicago and the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C. For a few years, as a young priest, he was an archivist in the Vatican Library. During World War II he traveled with a minister and a rabbi, talking to thousands of GI's as the Catholic member of an inter-faith goodwill team sent out by the National Conference of Christians and Jews to military stations and naval establishments all over the world. The clerical team didn't get all the publicity Bob Hope's troupe received, but they covered almost as many miles and faced more critical audiences.

Father Cardinal also has had first-hand experience with the rough-and-tumble debate of the Town Meeting of the Air. Last year he appeared on the program with Dorothy Thompson, debating the question whether Communism and Christianity were compatible, against a team of Protestant clergymen who held out for the positive. Now, as director of the Sheil School, he brings the wide viewpoint and democratic understanding necessary for the job. "Free adult education,"

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the priest says, "is something else again from what I learned on the faculties of smoothly running, well organized universities. This is quite a job."

To assist him he has the services of youthful Mary Elizabeth Carroll, one of those rare creatures—a Harvard woman. These two, with the help of the cvo's public relations department and the birds of many feathers on the faculty, run the school. But it is the Bishop himself who gives it its driving force. His name attracts students. His signature at the bottom of a letter is enough to persuade men like labor leader Walter Reuther and novelist Harry Sylvester to stop off in Chicago for a free lecture.

The caliber of the lectures Sheil School students hear is high. Reuther's contribution, for instance, later provided the substance for a popular article in *Collier's*; Harry Sylvester's talk on the "Problems of the Catholic Writer," a forthright criticism of the state of the Catholic literary movement in the United States, was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* and aroused heated controversy in Catholic publications all over the country.

Sylvester's controversial talk was delivered from a boxing ring. The school's lecture halls were too small for the crowd which showed up to hear the author of *Moon Gaffney*, so the audience was directed to the cvo gym. It was that gym which first made the cvo and the Bishop famous. Like Westbrook Pegler, Sheil came to prominence as a spokesman on social and political questions via the sports page.

Right from the start athletics have played an important role in the work of the cvo. The Bishop and his staff direct a parish program which gives youngsters all over Chicago a chance to play under church auspices. There is no limit to the variety of sports and games cvo sponsors.

Its basketball league is the largest in the United States. An extensive softball league becomes the center of attention when the winds of Chicago grow balmy. Known to ring fans everywhere is the widely publicized cvo boxing Tournament of Champions. Volley ball, track and field, ice skating—there is a sport for everyone.

"Every child has the right to play," Bishop Sheil says, "but too often this right is frustrated or misdirected by the very physical aspects of our overcrowded and industrialized cities." The Bishop has been unable to do anything about making Chicago any less crowded or less industrialized, of course, but, taking the city as he found it, he has in the 18 years of cvo history offered thousands of young Americans from the tenements and dark back rooms of the slums a chance to play. At least a quarter of a million Chicago youngsters have participated in cvo sporting events. Only a handful have turned out to be star athletes, but all have benefited from the Bishop's labors. So has the nation. During the war the cvo hung up an honor roll listing its boxers, the Bishop's "knock-out boys," in service. There were 1200 stars on the roll; of these 37 were gold. There were all kinds of names: the Italian Angelucci, the Chinese Chan, the Negro Thomas, the Irish O'Brien, the German Mueller. From its first beginnings the organization has been as democratic and non-exclusive as the draft summons which came to its boys, or the bullets which sent some of them to premature deaths.

Bishop Sheil is one of the most outspoken churchmen in America on the subject of racial democracy. For the past ten years his ringing affirmations of human dignity and his public pleas for uncompromising democracy have been unmatched by any national figure, in or out of the Church.

The Bishop knows all the tricks of oratory. His voice is organ-rich and, in public speeches, his phrases ring with episcopal authority. He accepts numerous invitations to speak before audiences of all kinds, religious and secular alike. At select meetings of professional societies, giant youth gatherings, huge civic demonstrations, great national conventions, thousands of Americans have listened while the Catholic Bishop skipped the sweet nothings and pious platitudes generally expected of churchmen and, like one of his own hard-hitting boxers, sailed into the social issues of the day. He pulls no punches, beats around no bushes. People are surprised when the normally smiling, affable man with the touch of red at his collar gets up before a microphone, turns dead serious, and thunders his anger at social abuses, like a latter-day Savonarola. The Bishop admits freely that when he thinks human beings are pushed around, he gets sore. He believes passionately in his religion and in democracy. When, in his mind, either one of them is taking a beating, he's ready for a fight.

"I'm not so simple that I don't know some pretty important people would like me to keep my mouth shut," Sheil says. "They'd prefer a Bishop who would merely confirm and conform, but they ask too big a price for their approval. It's a price I'm not willing to pay. Too often in the past, respect for the local banker, industrialist, or politician has caused churchmen to be silent when the teachings of Christ should have been literally shouted from the housetops."

There were many, for instance, who thought the Bishop talked out of turn when he told veterans attending the first national convention of the AVC: "No one but a naive child, or an adult fool, would claim that Negroes, Mexicans, Filipinos, or Jews have the same opportunities as their fellow Americans. It is hardly equal-

ity when an incensed white mob lynches a bewildered Negro on a convenient tree for a crime they are not even sure he committed. Mob murder is a strange fruit on the tree of democracy. Nor do huge billboards which carry the strange legend GENTILES ONLY OR RESTRICTED lend credence to our belief in those inalienable rights of which we are so proud."

Speeches like this have provoked some of his fellow Christians to tag the Catholic Bishop "Rabbi" Sheil.

One night after a speech denouncing anti-Semitism, Sheil was walking out of the hall on his way home when an old lady who could not restrain her scorn spat out the word—"Rabbi!" Then she spat again, thick saliva this time. The Bishop took out his handkerchief and wiped away the spittle, saying quietly: "I trust that I may be worthy of both the title and your offering, inasmuch as both were once given to Jesus Christ!" The shocked observers close enough to hear the remark broke into spontaneous applause.

Over the years Sheil has fought every manifestation of American Hitlerism with uncompromising vigor. When the Coughlin movement was at its height, he went on the radio and over a national hookup quoted the papal dictum to Catholics: "Anti-Semitism is inadmissible . . . spiritually we are Semites." He told a graduating class at Xavier University in Cincinnati: "The only Jew the Gentile need fear is the imaginary one he has created in his own mind."

He is just as firm in condemning Jim Crowism as in denouncing the infamous "gentlemen's agreement." Two years ago he publicly branded as immoral the network of restrictive covenants which keep Negroes out of most Chicago neighborhoods and hem in the city's Black Belt. "To list the evils which grow out of re-

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strictive covenants," the Bishop said to a Chicago audience, "is to enumerate the sins against charity of which we, the white population, have been guilty. Poor health, improper housing, disease, crime—all are products of racial segregation. Racial fear and unrest, bitterness, friction, distrust, they are but a few of the many psychical neuroses which stem from these agreements."

Last March he told an audience of nuns, Brothers, and priests who teach in the nation's Catholic high schools: "The almost total absence of members of minority groups from our Catholic high schools is a realistic and sufficient commentary on our practical belief in the equality of all men under God. . . . Race prejudice and racial discrimination cannot be reconciled with Catholicism no matter how cleverly we rationalize. Christ's command that we love one another is a command, not a suggestion."

The Bishop has done more than talk about the special needs of minority groups. Last year the cyo took over a clubhouse formerly operated by Swift and Company, meat packers, at 4100 South Michigan Avenue, in the center of Chicago's Black Belt. It is now a social settlement for young Negroes from 16 to 25—equipped with gymnasium, locker rooms, assembly hall, poolroom, bowling alleys, canteen, and special rooms for club meetings, games, arts, and crafts. The staff of Sheil House, as the club was renamed, plans educational and cultural activities for the youth of the neighborhood, without reference to religious background.

Throughout the summer months, the Sheil House Players, an interracial theatrical group, presented *Trial by Fire*, a play written by Reverend George Dunne, S. J., based on the facts of the California Short case. The Shorts were a family of

Negroes—mother, father, two young children—all of whom were burned to death when, Father Dunne believes, white fanatics set fire to their home in Fontana, California, in 1945.

When, after the war, the Japanese Americans of the West Coast were released from their relocation centers, 15,000 of them came to Chicago, seeking to make a new life in the windy city. The quiet, almond-eyed Americans standing on street corners waiting for buses and subway trains, standing in line at the chain groceries, caught the attention of Chicagoans all over the city. Bishop Sheil took notice. He saw the new migration in terms of human need and started Nisei House at 1100 North LaSalle Street, in 1946, to assist America's own DP's with their postwar problems. The Bishop called on the Maryknoll Fathers, experienced missionaries in Japan and prewar pastors among the Japanese on the West Coast, for help. A counseling bureau was set up, an employment agency got under way, and a social program was instituted by cyo staff members. Nisei House found 1200 jobs for the new Chicagoans. In the evening it was turned into a social meeting ground for hundreds of lonely young Japanese Americans in the strange new city.

The establishment of the Nisei center is typical of the way Bishop Sheil meets a problem. He sees a problem in terms of flesh and blood; he has no patience with the cold, sociological approach. He figures out something that can be done to meet it; adds a few more experts to his cyo staff; rents, begs, borrows, or buys a building if necessary; and a new project is under way. When it is operating smoothly, the Bishop turns to new problems and new projects.

That is the way it was with the cyo Vacation Schools, which got under way during the depression of the '30s. The

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Bishop saw a need for planned recreation and wholesome lunches for the city's school children during the long summer months. He drew up a program to cover six weeks of supervised recreation, and established cvo centers in 54 strategic locations throughout the city. He got a supervisory staff of priests and nuns together and enlisted the volunteer help of college students throughout the archdiocese. During recent years the Chicago Park District personnel and other social agencies have been co-operating with the cvo in this work.

Back in 1931, when aviation was still young, the Bishop got interested in providing aeronautical and technical training for boys of the archdiocese. He sold Frank J. Lewis, millionaire Catholic philanthropist, on the idea, too; then he went ahead and founded the Lewis College of Science and Technology at Lockport, Illinois. The college, a nonprofit institution, offers four-year courses in basic engineering and aeronautical engineering to qualified teen-agers. During the war the Lewis College facilities were used by the Navy to carry on an extensive training program.

Other cvo projects are many and varied. The Bishop opened a residence for working girls alone in the city during the early days of the housing shortage in 1944. In one of the toughest, most congested districts of the city, a cvo Community Center counteracts the influence of a bad tradition of teen-age gangs and an appalling juvenile delinquency rate. During the summer months a boys' camp is opened to children from the city's poorest parishes. The camp is located at Doddridge Farm, a 110-acre property containing 21 buildings, which the Catholic Bishop, in a unique ecclesiastical transaction, purchased from Bishop George Craig Stewart of the Episcopal diocese of Chicago. That was in 1940 when Sheil

was interested in establishing a residence for European refugee children.

Since 1935, the cvo has maintained the Mission of Our Lady of Mercy at 1140 West Jackson Boulevard, an institution established to care for dependent boys from the ages of 12 to 18 who are not eligible for public care or who do not adjust to care from other private or public agencies.

At the Bishop's headquarters on Congress Street, a full-panoplied Social Service department has been organized to deal with the behavior problems of children in need and to devise preventive programs and offer extensive treatment by skilled personnel. A complete staff of doctors, psychiatrists, psychologists, and trained social workers are deployed on this front in the Bishop's lifetime war against poverty.

Don Ameche and Frank Sinatra are among the prominent Americans co-operating with the Bishop's Master-Eye Foundation. This was established when the Bishop saw the need for providing blind youngsters with specially trained dogs if they were to carry on their dark lives successfully in the big cities.

Now the Bishop's big interests are in European DP's, for whom he is setting up a cvo program to be presented to occupation authorities; in correcting abuses at the juvenile detention institution run by the State of Illinois at St. Charles; in the establishment of an FM radio station; and in a revolutionary method of dealing with youthful criminals, which he hopes to sell to the nation's youth-work specialists.

Though his prime interest is always in what has not been done and what could be done, the Bishop keeps a lively interest in all phases of work in progress. To the large cvo staff, he is known affectionately as The Boss. He takes pride in the professional competence of his workers,

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and they in turn are proud of him—his speeches, the honors given him, his past accomplishments, and future plans. When word gets around that the Bishop has a new idea, cvo workers perk up and take notice. They remember how swiftly each of his projects takes concrete form, and they wonder what is coming next.

Oddly enough, the Busy Bishop is not best known for his busyness. Despite the administrative genius he has poured into the cvo, at the same time bearing his full share of work as Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago and as pastor of St. Andrew's Church, one of Chicago's largest parishes, he is more familiar to Americans as the "labor-loving Bishop" than anything else. His association with the cvo and with the nationally known Chicago Back of the Yards Council has been more widely publicized than any of his other manifold activities. His close association with the cvo goes back to 1939 when, with John L. Lewis at the helm, industrial unionism was having rough sailing in organizing the giant packing-workers' industry in Chicago. In those days, the cvo was considered wildly radical and dangerously communistic. Thousands of good Catholics in the vast stockyards area had been warned by their pastors that the union meant Stalinism in America. Even the Shakespearean prose of Lewis was no match for the simple eloquence of the frightened priests of Packingtown. The cvo turned to the cvo for help.

Bishop Sheil agreed to appear at a mass meeting organized by the United Packinghouse Workers, on the same platform with Lewis. Since 1939, several members of the Catholic hierarchy have addressed cvo meetings, but at that time it was considered a wild and imprudent thing for a Bishop to do. Many Catholics in high places were aghast when they heard what Sheil planned. Telephones at

the cvo headquarters buzzed; the mail was thick with anonymous advice, persuasion, and threats. The Bishop ignored all of it.

On the night scheduled, he entered the jam-packed Coliseum and received a greater ovation than Lewis himself. Recalling the social encyclicals of Pope Pius XI and of his predecessor, Leo XIII, the Bishop told the stockyards crowd that he looked upon Lewis' invitation as a duty. The two popes had warned priests to "go to the worker . . . especially where he is poor."

"This obligation," Sheil said, "I gladly and eagerly accept, regardless of approval or disapproval." He praised the efforts of the union to increase the standard of living for Packingtown workers and stated bluntly that he approved of the strike aims of the cvo. He concluded his speech with a plea for peace in the ranks of labor. "The interests of the labor movement, the social and economic welfare of millions of men and women, demand that peace, harmony and fraternity prevail among those who are working for a common cause," he said. Then he shook hands with Lewis and left by a side door while the crowd roared its approval.

Thus began the legend of the "labor-loving" Bishop. In the years since his dramatic entrance into the turbulent labor movement of 1939, Sheil has continued to speak before labor groups throughout the country. But now it is no longer unheard of to see priests on picket lines and Bishops standing before microphones at the big cvo conventions. Many Catholic commentators agree that the Church walked into the crowded Coliseum that night with Bishop Sheil almost a decade ago.

Through his activities in the Back of the Yards Council, the Bishop has become the Number 1 hero of Packingtown. It was a Jewish sociologist, Saul

D. Alinsky, who had the idea for the council. As late as a decade ago, Back of the Yards was still the stormy, divided, unhappy place of Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*. Because they were of different nationalities, the people of Packingtown built a Catholic church every two blocks. The Irish fought with the Mexicans, the Mexicans with the Negroes, the Poles with the Lithuanians, the Lithuanians with the Germans—everybody fought with everybody else. Pastors of the different churches would have nothing to do with one another. Labor and industry looked upon each other as deadly enemies. Every day was D-day.

Alinsky's idea was to organize the people themselves to solve their own problems and settle their own differences. Perhaps the people of Packingtown, joined together to promote harmony in the midst of the conflicting interests of business, labor, politics, and religion, could succeed where social workers and philanthropists failed. Because Back of the Yards was 95 per cent Catholic, Alinsky brought his idea to Bishop Sheil. The Bishop listened to what the enthusiastic young man had to say. The plans Alinsky had made sounded good to him.

"You can count on me," the Catholic Bishop told the Jewish sociologist.

The Back of the Yards Council has been counting on him ever since.

Church leaders of all faiths, labor leaders, businessmen, schoolteachers, and the people themselves rallied behind the Catholic Bishop. Today, Back of the Yards, still no paradise, is a changed place. Upton Sinclair would have to write a different book if he were writing about "The Jungle" in 1948. It would have to be something like the book Saul Alinsky did write; it is called *Reveille for Radicals* and hit the best-seller list three years ago.

All these activities have won Bishop Sheil many friends, in high places and

low. They have earned for him, too, probably more enemies than any other member of the American hierarchy. But the Bishop believes a man is to be judged by the enemies he makes as well as the friends he has.

There are many people who agree with his charitable works but wish that the Bishop would stop there. But Sheil says he sees the total picture. Where others see only a needy child, the Bishop sees what is behind that need: industrial disorder, interracial suspicion and mistrust, bad housing, family insecurity.

Doing something about these things, he thinks, is preeminently his business—as a Bishop and as an American.

As a Bishop, he told Upton Close, who criticized his views: "The winning of eternal salvation, Mr. Close, begins here. Man has a higher destiny than this earth. I want to help him achieve that destiny. A man's work, a man's home, and a man's family have a very intimate bearing on the salvation of his immortal soul. When I plead for economic and social betterment, Mr. Close, it is because it will make it a little easier for men in their struggle to save their immortal souls. For . . . the Kingdom of God is not of this world, but it is in this world that it is won."

As an American, he wrote: "If the typical American continues to be apathetic, uninterested and inarticulate, then democracy is doomed. It is apparent that many Americans have gone on strike and are refusing to work at the job of being a citizen. . . . It is no wonder then that our democracy falters, halts, and even, occasionally, stops altogether."

John Cogley, a graduate of Loyola University, was an editor of *The Catholic Worker* from 1938-1942. Since his Army service he has been editor of *Today*, a Catholic student magazine.

RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS

ELIZABETH WOLFE

STACY leaned back against the daybed cushions and watched her brothers and sisters through half-closed eyes. A silence hung over the dining room, and at moments like this she felt she lived in a world apart, all alone behind a plate-glass wall. She knew the same languages her family did. She lived in the same house. Yet somewhere in their speech the meanings got scrambled; somehow in their emotions understanding got lost.

She slipped her hand inside her pocket and ran her thumb over the suede-finished binding of a small book. The overlapping edge of suede felt limp and soft. She spelled out the embossed title with her finger. A *Christmas Carol*. No one knew she had the book, and no one suspected her plan.

Across the room in the morris chair, Nina sat re-reading the *Malchik*. As she nodded her head in rhythm with her reading, her dark braids joggled up and down against the pleated wings of her red pinafore. She was practicing her part in the family Christmas Eve program. Every few minutes, she put a sunflower seed between her teeth, cracked it open, and chewed the kernel slowly. A mound of gray husks lay on the chair arm. Her round face looked placid as usual. She could never understand Stacy's efforts to reform the family. "Relax," she would say. "Have a polly seed."

Inside her pocket, Stacy retraced the title of her book. She wondered if there was a Russian word for carol. A *Christmas Carol*. *Rozhdezstveni* what?

"Alex," she said, "what's Russian for carol?"

At the other end of the daybed, Alex looked up from her newspaper. "Carol?" She stared at the ceiling. Her nose, with its round button end, added a flippant tilt to her profile. "I guess it's like *hymn* or *song*. I don't know a special word for it. Want me to look it up?"

"No, thanks. Anyway Mom and Pop won't let us go in the living room now. We'd see the tree."

"I forgot," Alex said and turned back to her reading.

The newspaper was open to the editorial page and Stacy could see the political cartoon. A giant bear sat beside a map of Europe, tearing off the countries along the eastern edge, one by one, and devouring them.

Alex glanced up. She noticed Stacy studying the cartoon, and flipped the page quickly, concentrating on the society columns. "I see the Lehmans are sponsoring a charity ball for war orphans," she said.

Stacy's hand tightened on the book in her pocket. She spoke in low tones so her brothers and Nina could not hear. "Last week in Current Events, Miss Benson lectured on Russia. All the time she kept looking at me."

"You just imagine it," Alex said.

"No, I don't. I can tell she's thinking of me and our whole family. Especially Pop."

Alex folded the newspaper to the comic strip page. "I don't think Miss Benson

or anyone else in high school blames us for being Russian."

"That's just it," Stacy said. "No one would know we were Russian except by our name. But Pop always throws it in their faces. With his beard, and talking Russian all the time."

"Oh, Stacy! You know he doesn't wear the beard for spite. He thinks it's dignified for a minister. Prokhanoff has a beard, so Papa has a beard."

"Well, he could at least practice talking English more."

"Russian's easier for him," Alex said.

"Shhh!" Stacy said. "If he doesn't practice English, how will he ever learn?"

"Oh, here," Alex said. "Look at the comics. Winnie's got a new boy friend."

"No, thanks."

Alex shrugged her shoulders and turned back to the editorial page. She settled herself in the corner so that Stacy could see only the wave of blond hair above the paper's edge.

Her withdrawal brought silence again. Stacy wanted to say something that would bring back the feeling of sympathy. With Alex alone she had these flashes of understanding. Sometimes Mom tried to break through, but she was actually unaware that the wall existed. Only Alex knew it was really there.

Stacy wished she could tell her about the book. Tonight around the Christmas tree she needed Alex on her side. She needed somebody.

The snip of scissors cut the moment of silence. Genya was slicing off short ribbons of gold and silver paper. Stacy watched Pitrusha brush paste on the end of a gold strip, loop it through the last link of the chain they were making, press the ends together, and hold them tightly with his fingers. His left hand twirled the brush around in the pot of white paste.

"Imagine," he said to Genya. "Nastya

used to eat this stuff when she went to kindergarten. What a dumbbell!"

"Don't call me Nastya," Stacy said.

Pitrusha picked up a blob of paste on the end of the brush. "What a dumbbell," he said, "to eat such crud." He cleaned the blob from the brush and



started to make a link of silver paper. "What a name," he said. "Stacy. Can't tell if it's a boy's or a girl's."

"Yeah," Genya said. "Who'd want to be called Stacy?" He put down the scissors. Then, taking the brush, he began stirring the paste. "Stacy, lacy, racy—uh—pasty. Pasty Stacy."

"Oh, keep quiet," Stacy said.

A squeal of delight sounded in the hallway, and Olichka came skipping down the hall. She had been rustling around like a little mouse at the living room door, peeking through the keyhole to see Mom and Pop decorate the tree. Now she stood in the archway, her eyes dark and round with excitement.

"They're almost ready," she whispered.

"You're nuts," Pitrusha said. "They can't be ready so soon."

"No," Genya said. "Our chain's not finished."

Olichka ran to Nina. "They are, too, ready, aren't they, Nina?"

"Maybe pretty soon," Nina said. "Here, have a polly seed."

RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS

Stacy watched Olichka crack the seed, peel the husk off in that funny way she had, and chew the kernel thoughtfully. Her small oval face looked like a miniature of Mom's. The click of the living room door made her jump up and down. "I told you! I told you!" she said. She brushed her palms free of polly seed husks and hopped for the door like a cricket.

Their father's voice boomed down the hall. "*Idite na elkool!*" Come to the Christmas tree!

The boys grabbed their paper chain and hurried from the table. As they turned into the hall, Pitrusha in the lead, Genya wiped his fingers against his corduroy pants. Crumbs of dry paste clung to the brown ribbing.

When Nina jumped up, a scatter of polly seeds fell to the floor. She stooped to collect them and dropped them in her



pocket. Then, with her finger marking the place in her book, she went to the hall.

"Come on, Stacy, Alex," she said.

"We're coming," Alex said.

She folded her newspaper and tucked

it under a cushion. "Come on, Stace."

The living room was dim except for the bright circle of the lighted tree where Mom and Pop stood proud and smiling. Mom's face, beneath the dark frame of her hair, glowed as pink as the coral pin on her high-necked white blouse. In the soft light, Pop's flashing smile made his beard look less severe, less Russian somehow.

Stacy paused in the doorway. The fragrance of the Christmas tree was almost lost in the spicy odor of cookies and a heavy candy smell. Paper chains and cornucopias spangled the tree branches with silver. Gilded walnuts, marzipan pears, polished crabapples swung back and forth, flashing red and yellow highlights. A giant cookie star, iced with white sugar rays, crowned the tip of the tree where it would stay through the holidays, until it got stale and crumbly from the heat near the ceiling. Stacy wished Mom would buy a few glass ornaments like the ones on Gertrude Allport's tree. And maybe a silk and tinsel angel for the top. But she would hurt Mom's feelings if she suggested such a change.

She suddenly felt guilty standing there, appraising the tree, and she ran to her mother. "Mamushka, it's beautiful," she said and pressed her face against her mother's cheek.

"Merry Christmas, Nastya," her mother said.

"With the birth of Christ," her father said. He began greeting each child in turn, kissing them on both cheeks. When it was her turn, Stacy leaned her face away as much as she could. His beard smelled like stale butter, and the brush of it on her face sent shivers down her back.

"Now we will all be seated," her father said. "After I read from the Bible, we will sing *Tihaya Nauch*, and then as our custom is, Nina will read the *Malchik*."

He adjusted a lamp near the middle chair in a semi-circle of chairs around the tree. When everyone scrambled for places, Stacy took a chair at one end. Olichka asked to be hoisted into Mom's lap.

The room grew quiet. Nina's chair creaked as she wriggled against the back. The tissue pages of their father's Bible swished beneath his moistened finger. He found his place and pushed his glasses more firmly against the bridge of his nose.

Stacy glanced down at the skirt of her navy jumper. Her fist made the pocket bulge out like a small sack of potatoes. She relaxed her hand, and as her father read from the gospel of Saint Luke, she retraced the embossed letters of the book cover. As soon as they finished singing *Silent Night*, she would ask him.

The verses of the Bethlehem story rang out in musical cadences, as if he were reading from his pulpit. He had a fine sonorous voice and, if she closed her eyes to blot out his face, she could momentarily forget that he was reading Russian. The melodic rhythm lulled her senses. Her back settled comfortably in the shallow curve of the chair and she opened her eyes. The light from the tree shed a warm glow on the circle of faces. Though the eyes of all were remote, abstracted by inner contemplation, Stacy felt a unity that was rare. The semi-circle of chairs, welded by the tree into a complete circle, became transformed, as if the light shed by the tree, the spirit it represented, had fused the separate warring minds into a close communion.

The Bethlehem story came to an end: "And on earth peace among men." Her father's head relaxed, his beard obscured against his dark tie. The Bible closed with a gentle slap.

"All right, Nadinka," he said.

Mom's clear soprano started off the

hymn, with Nina harmonizing softly. All the voices blended, but her father's, suddenly toneless in his effort to carry a tune, made a flat undercurrent for the melody. Stacy sang the English words, barely moving her lips to evade discovery.

When they finished singing, Olichka slid down from Mom's lap and clambered up on their father's knee. Genya reached his hand toward the tree.

"Just one little cookie, Mama?" he said.

Before she could answer, their father said, "Have patience, Genadi. After Nina reads, we will all taste the candies."

Nina opened her book, the halves unfolding in a narrow band of gold across her knees. She sat prim and straight with her feet tucked up on the chair rung. Her lips stiffened at the corners as she waited for permission to begin.

"Papa," Stacy said. She glanced at Alex for encouragement, but Alex's eyes were staring fixedly at the tree.

"Yes, Anastasia?" her father said.

"I wanted to ask you something."

His head jerked up with annoyance. "Can it not wait until we finish?"

"Well, I thought—we could read—" The words *something* else were completely voiceless. Alex was watching her now, and Stacy imagined there was amused pity in her sister's eyes. She searched her father's face for a gleam of sympathy. In the arc of lamplight, his high cheekbones made sharp triangular planes.

"Well, Anastasia?" he said.

"I thought—I—" Her voice died completely, and obscured by the folds of her skirt, her hand gripped the chair edge. The coarse-grained wood was marked with seams, and she dug her fingernails into the shallow grooves.

"Begin, Nina," her father said.

Nina's voice, precise and high-pitched

with excitement, started reading Dostoevsky's story of the poor boy's Christmas Eve.

Stacy's throat felt parched. Shame formed a lump of lead inside her chest. She should not have failed so easily, without even speaking out the actual words. She pressed her palm against the smooth suede back of the book in her pocket.

Nina's tone became more natural. She enunciated the Russian words carefully, pausing at the difficult consonant groups to make each sound distinct. When she came to the part about the little boy's dropping the penny the rich ladies had given him, her voice quavered. Stacy glanced at her father. The lines of his mouth looked soft. He had his arm around little Olichka, and a touch of sadness shadowed his face. There was really nothing to fear. She had acted like a fool.

As the story built up to its climax, she regained her courage. She could still ask Papa's permission. It struck her that Dostoevsky's poor little boy was a lot like Tiny Tim, except that Dickens did not let Tiny Tim die.

A hush lay upon the circle of faces when Nina closed her book. Olichka's eyes glistened with tears.

"We would give the *Malchik* some cookies and things, wouldn't we, Papa?" Little sobs caught at her words.

"Of course, Olichka," he said. He smoothed her dark hair.

Something in the stillness of the room, in Olichka's grief and Papa's sympathy, made Stacy bold.

"Papa," she said.

"Yes, Anastasia?"

"I thought maybe we could read another story tonight. Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. I have a special edition—"

Her father waved his hand. "I'm disappointed, Nastya." He acted as though he had forgotten her earlier interruption.

"I expected you to give us some remark on the *Malchik*."

"Oh, I like the *Malchik* very much, Papa. Only I thought—Well, Americans read Dickens' story on Christmas Eve." The word *Americans* lingered in the room for a moment, as if it were the only word she had spoken. Quickly she continued, "It might be nice if we heard the English way. Dickens makes Tiny Tim as appealing as—"

"Are you saying, Anastasia, that Dickens is better than Dostoevsky?" His beard waggled up and down like an admonishing finger.

"No, Papa."

"Andrey!" her mother suddenly said. "Have you the story of this Dickens?"

The lines of her father's face grew taut, as if he were drawing his cheeks inward with his teeth. "Yes, Nadinka. I have this Dickens."

"Then read it. Nastya is right. We should hear how these people think and look at things, if it is like our ways."

Stacy pulled the book from her pocket. "I have it here," she said. "A shorter edition—"

But her father did not hear. He had already set Olichka down and, leaning toward the mahogany bookcase, he peered at the titles. As he focused through his glasses, his beard jutted upward.

"Here, I have it," he said. He opened the door and pulled out a thick maroon volume. He blew at the top edge, although there was no dust. Then he adjusted the lamp over his chair again and sat down, leafing the pages with his moistened finger.

Stacy slipped the book back in her pocket. She watched Nina take a handful of polly seeds and begin cracking them surreptitiously. Mom nudged Nina gently and held out her hand, then quietly cracked the seeds Nina gave her.

Their father's voice cut suddenly across

COMMON GROUND

the room. "Marley bil mertv. V'etom nikokovo somnenie."

Stacy glanced swiftly at Alex, who shook her head almost imperceptibly and brushed a finger of warning against her lips. Mom and Nina were chewing kernels slowly, listening in complete absorption. The boys sat still, open-mouthed, their eyes intent upon their father's face.

"Starik Marley bil soversheno mertv." In melodic rhythm his voice rolled out the story of Scrooge.

Stacy pressed her lips together to hold back the hurt that washed up from deep inside. For an instant, she glared at her father through the watery film blurring her eyes. She hated the self-righteous look on his bearded face as he read. He would never yield. He could see nothing good in her way. No matter what words she used, she could never make him understand. None of them understood, not even Alex.

In painful silence, she gulped a sob and fought to keep the tears from spilling over. A branch of the Christmas tree, all spangled with silver and gold, dipped down toward her chair. If she jerked her elbow, she could accidentally bump one of the ornaments. She felt the tension in her arm as she clenched her fist. And then her hand dropped limply to her lap. A sudden flush burned her face. No matter what fell—a gilded nut, a bright cornucopia—it could always be picked up and hung on the tree again.

A second-generation American of Russian descent, Elizabeth Wolfe was born in New York City but has lived in Illinois, New Jersey, Washington, Wyoming, and California. She is now a graduate student at Stanford University. This is her first published story.

The drawings are by Bernadine Custer.

SUMMERS TOGETHER

Increasingly, private and public agencies, both religious and lay, are establishing summer projects that bring young people of differing racial, national, and religious backgrounds together in close social relationships, that build friendship and understanding and so knock down the artificial barriers of fear and myth and custom which so often keep groups apart. Here are pictures from several such projects which will indicate their variety and scope.

SOUTHERN TRAIN

THOMAS SANCTON

ONE EVENING in the early fall not many years ago, I left Gulfport on the Mississippi coast on the night train to Jackson, 200 miles to the north, and as the darkness closed over the dry sedge fields and pine woods I stood for a long time in the space between the coaches looking out upon the desolate, yet somehow beautiful, country behind the southern coast. There was still light in the sky, but the night had sifted already into the clumps of second-growth pine. In the dark, sandy creeks below the trestles water rippled around the snags and left long tracings on the surface.

From the platform I could look backward into the white coach or forward into the coach for Negroes. In the coach behind me the passengers were mostly farmers, mechanics, war workers from the coast shipyards going home for a week-end visit to the farm towns they had come from; there were soldiers and soldiers' wives and the little traders and businessmen of the sort who make short trips between country towns to see about buying a stand of timber, or mules and grain, or a dozen used tractor tires, or perhaps a shopful of secondhand equipment with which to outfit a crossroads garage.

It was a provincial train moving through the pinelands of Mississippi, far off the main lines of traffic between the great cities and manufacturing areas of the nation. The towns along the way were many miles apart, and sometimes the train made flag-stops where no towns were visible at all but only weathered

darkened waiting rooms. For all the contemporary touches in the coach, the sanitary drinking cups, the modern dress of the people and the soldiers, this train, in atmosphere remote and timeless, must have been not very different from the trains which crossed the provinces of Russia in the time of the czars.

In the Negro coach ahead I could see the passengers talking and laughing with one another, yet silent and voiceless beyond the glass, like figures in the silent movies. Black soldiers stood in the aisles and talked to the girls, and middle-aged men sat smoking cigars and reading newspapers. The men in blue jumpers, the farmers and workers, sat quietly in ageless patience, but women were talking across the aisle in animated conversation. The people were clean and still freshly dressed, for the train had only started its run at Gulfport. The view into the white and Negro coaches was little different, except for the color of the passengers. It was like an arrangement of checkers or chessmen in similar positions on a board.

An M.P. patrol came through the coaches checking the furlough papers of the soldiers. They were big and competent looking on those southern trains that shuttled past many army camps, and where the danger of race friction was always present.

The night conductor passed back and forth between the coaches, straightening out his various affairs and collecting tickets. He was an old man with a grim, leathery face. He stood about medium

height, and his shoulders sagged with the chronic weariness of men who have worked hard for many years. He wore steel-rimmed glasses, and the hair at his temple was grey. He was an old-time railroad man, typical of the rugged breed that travel the southern lines. I watched him as he confronted the Negroes who got on at the little darkened towns and flag-stops.

His face was a study, subdued and solemn, on the surface seeming to register nothing at all. His thoughts and his expressions seemed to idle on at very low pitch. And yet, the longer one looked at it, the more one became aware of tension in the lines and in the humorless eyes. It was a harried face, hard, cruel, and not without courage. Also it was somewhat afraid. Afraid perhaps of the certain dull, cosmic confusion of the times, which the small inflexible intellect behind that face could never encompass.

At the various lighted towns small groups of Negroes got aboard, laughing and excited, to ride some five or ten miles to a darkened country crossroads. They had been to town to shop or visit, and these trips were the big event of the week for them. The conductor looked at them all with quiet, wordless contempt and collected their tickets silently like the counter at the gate of a cattle car. A Negro woman who was laughing and waving back to friends turned absently toward the white coach. His two fingers hooked automatically around her arm before she had taken a step. He turned her toward the Negro coach without a word and pointed toward the door.

At a small town without a station where a cluster of Negroes stood waiting by the train tracks, laughing and chattering as the cars slowed to a stop, a small group came up to the steps with their cardboard luggage and their tickets, and among them were three soldiers. They were

laughing and joking and turning back to others to wave good-bye. One was a glossy-haired, brown-skinned boy with a high-spirited, intelligent, aggressive, and youthfully arrogant face. On his shirt-sleeve was the blue non-combatant insignia, and his overseas cap was folded in his belt.

He jumped up the steps before all the outgoing passengers had descended, and made his way to the platform of the car. This blocked the steps for a moment and caused a mild confusion.

The dour conductor caught him instantly by the arm and pulled him from the stream of traffic, not violently, but rather as a person might lead another across the street. But then he began to scold the boy in harsh, humiliating language.

The Negro soldier disengaged his arm. "Just turn my arm loose," he said. He kept a smile on his face. It was a smile charged with hatred and contempt. He knew that with a smile on his face and a bland tone of voice he could say to this white man very nearly what he wanted to say. In part it was a smile of bravado for the benefit of his two companions and the other Negro passengers on the platform.

"Don't jump on the train until the passengers are off," the conductor said, in a querulous and rising voice. "What's the matter with you? Trying to step out of place? Is that the idea? And never mind all this back talk."

The boy kept smiling, and he answered with a few bland, sneering phrases.

"Just don't grab my arm," he added.

"All right!" said the conductor with sudden bluster, turning toward the white coach but speaking to no one in particular. "All right, call the M.P.'s. Here's a fellow that wants some trouble."

He did not say nigger.

There were two of us, white men,

SOUTHERN TRAIN

standing near the door of the white coach. But obviously he was not speaking to us. He was pronouncing an incantation.

The threat was rather startling, as it was intended to be—spoken instantly as the Negro had overstepped the invisible line of “insolence.” He intended it to take the Negro by surprise, to be so startling, so much more ominous than the soldier’s trivial provocation that it would end this flippant subversiveness before it had got started.

But somehow the words fell empty and ridiculous on the air.

Outside in the Mississippi night was the war; it had swirled across even this remote, provincial land; and we were moving along on a train through new dimensions and had become a part of time, of curving space. Mississippi was no longer a flat map in a geography book, proud of its poverty, its cultural mediocrity, sufficient unto itself forever, but a part of the earth’s surface now, larger than Rhode Island still, but smaller by far than China. And this was the age of planetary war.

There was a fatal note of emptiness and indecision in the conductor’s voice. He knew he had no justifiable reason to call the military police. What after all had the Negro soldier done? He had made mild answers to a reprimand. He wore a United States Army uniform. He had paid for his ticket. The conductor was not a judge, a general, a god. He was a railroad employe, speaking to a soldier who, in the high spirits of his departure, had got into the way of some people leaving the train.

In this small incident alone, the man knew he had no cause to summon the military police. But this was not what had upset him. It was something else, intangible, something he would not know how to write down in a report. Behind the soldier’s cold eyes, behind the sneer-

ing, amiable voice, the conductor had seen self-confidence, challenge, hatred—the face of the world race crisis; a challenge to white sahibs and to southern planters; to foreign offices and state departments and poll-tax legislatures, and to all the systematic exploitations and humiliations throughout the world.

And the conductor sensed that no M.P. detail could ever remove that look from the soldier’s eyes.

Thirty years ago, even ten years ago perhaps, the conductor would have had this Negro put off the train. Now he did nothing. He had muttered his threat to call the M.P.’s, and nothing at all had happened. He stood on the swaying platform and stared at the boy. The train slid through the night, past the darkened towns, past the long trains of pulp-wood on the sidings, across the ruined forests and the sandy fields of Mississippi. The boy smiled, and muttered a few more placid words, then moved away into the Negro coach and found a seat. His companions followed. The other Negroes turned into the coach with silent, knowing faces. The conductor stepped wearily across the rolling couplings and vanished in the white coach behind me.

II

Another night on the train to Jackson, for a long time I watched a lonely drunken white man in earnest conversation with a Negro porter. The white man was obviously more than a little simple-minded. He was drunk when he got on the train at Gulfport. He was happy, talkative, and hungry for companionship. He wore the shapeless clothes of poor farmers who travel on trains, the shapeless dark pants, the clean blue shirt, the old felt hat stained with sweat and red clay dust. There was not any meanness in his face. It was long and ruddy, and his eyes were grey-blue. They were shin-

ing, friendly, but utterly moronic and empty. A strand of sweaty grey hair was plastered on his forehead. The time was late summer and the train was hot, filled with a choking linty mist from the old plush seats.

He was the type of countryman, not at all uncommon, who is just a cut above a village idiot; handsome, well-formed, but drained of all intelligence, like the culture which produced him, by generations of life on barren soils, and very probably by inbreeding. He was the sort who grows too big and awkward for the third grade and at last is put out of school knowing only how to write his name and puzzle out the simplest words; one of the big, gangling, good-natured fools who become the butt of the dirty jokes behind the barn, the takers of all dares. Yet they are sentient humans and capable of a man's toil; they sleep at night, and eventually they marry, and spawn families of vacant-eyed cotton-haired children who play in the dust beneath the China trees before the mean, unpainted, little cabins.

There was something in this man's face, a certain undemanding, foolish friendliness, which told how eagerly he must have babbled his confused ideas all his life to scornful people; which gave some suggestion of the many, many times he must have been laughed at, and preyed upon by practical jokers and how he must have accepted it all with the quick yet forgetful anger of the idiot, going on through the years searching for companionship and conversation and the lost meanings of his childish mind.

For a long while after we left the coast he sat in the seat ahead of me. He stared out of the window and talked out loud about what he saw. "Look there! Damned if that ain't the sorriest looking cattle I hev ever seen. . . ." A little boy passed down the aisle to the drinking fountain,

and the farmer reached out and pinched at him and laughed a wheezing laugh. "Where you going, pardner?" he asked the child and turned to wink at the others. The child pulled in his shoulder and scampered by.

The man addressed remarks to soldiers and other passengers sitting across the aisle, but without results, for no one would talk to him. Every time the conductor passed the farmer made some aimless and familiar remark to him: "She's a movin' now! By God, the old man sure must be a-pourin' on the coal. . . ." The conductor may have known him. He smiled blandly and went through without a word.

The little lumber towns and the pine forests swept past the darkened windows. An hour out of Gulfport the lonely drunk walked out to the vestibule between the cars to smoke. Through the door I saw him stop the Negro porter by the arm as the porter was passing through. I could see the Negro listen with his head inclined and then break into soundless laughter. He forgot his errand and soon they were deep in conversation. I went out on the platform to smoke for I wanted to hear.

"Man, I mean!" the porter was saying, laughing. He was a man of small, heavy stature, with a manner somehow a little pompous. He was about forty, and very dark. His face was relaxed now in unguarded good humor.

"Old Man Cholly," the porter said, "he killed more cows between Gulfport and Jackson than they got pines. He didn't bother with no cows." He giggled in a high voice. "Back here in the train, every time the train give a jerk and start to slow down I think, oh, oh, Old Man Cholly got him another cow. But you know, that old man, if he saw it was too late to stop her, he just give it the throttle and go right through. When he had to hit one

he raley hit it. He say if he give her the brakes then it th'ow us off the tracks. . . ."

And so they talked, about this railroad line in the days before the lumber mills had cut out the virgin forests; about old men who had worked on the line and were not yet forgotten. The farmer remembered all the little saw-mill towns that had been on the railroad, marked now only by rotten train ties along the siding, and a pile of weathered sawdust in the underbrush. He talked about the long trains that went out with the lumber, and the flat cars loaded with pine trunks going to the creosote plants. But he kept repeating himself, over and over, with a drunken persistence and disproportion.

After a while I could see the talk had begun to pall for the Negro.

For the white man before him was inescapably a fool. He had a silly laugh, an aimless laugh that came bubbling and cackling out of him without the least cause. He was drunk and repetitious in a maudlin way.

"Me and you, we really know this line, don't we?" he kept saying over and over to the porter. Things he had said half a dozen times he said again, and laughed wildly at them.

The porter had been stimulated at first to meet a white man who talked to him in a friendly open way, without throwing it up constantly that he was a Negro. That had been the reason for his first jovial interest in the talk, for the Negro knew his own kind of loneliness. This was a train run by white men. He swept the coaches as the white conductor directed; he did the menial work while the white men ran the train. And often, of course, he overheard them talking: "Where's that nigger? I want him to sweep out number six. . . ."

A kind of chilly, depressive mood seemed to come over him as he realized that his white companion was after all

nothing but a moron. Why did it always happen, perhaps he wondered, that only the cripples, the outcasts, were warm and friendly with Negroes?

The white man did not sense the Negro's change. He rambled on, delighted to have a companion, to be talking in an intimate reminiscing way that made him feel important, an adult, a full man; delighted to be talking to this black man who laughed in such a friendly way at the things he said, who would never kid him and wink at people while he was talking.

"Man, man," the farmer said, slapping his calloused hands and rubbing them together. "Brother, you and me, we really know this I-C railroad. We really do now, don't we? Why, I can remember old man Simms, old man Orin Bond, and Phillips—all them engineers, ever' one. We was raised up on this road—ain't that right, pardner? Hey?" He winked and wheezed out an hilarious burst of laughter and nudged the Negro with an intimate elbow.

"That's right," the Negro said coldly. Now he was lost in his own loneliness.

Now he answered only with nods and monosyllables, and no longer seemed to listen. A crooked smile came into his face and he began to laugh with subtle contempt. I could see that this was for my benefit. Negro or not, he held himself better than this fool who prattled on before us.

Some fifty miles above the coast, we came to a flag-stop at a black-top farm road. Up ahead there was a splintered loading platform and a barren corrugated iron shed which might have been a cotton gin. It was very dark. A quarter of a mile down the road there was a street lamp, and out in the night, beneath the cold, distant light, one could guess the presence of a crossroads hamlet: a service station, a lunchroom, a drygoods store

and twenty or thirty houses scattered in the darkness.

This was the farmer's station. The porter became official now. He opened the door and raised the hinged iron trap above the steps, and stepped down to the cinder bank holding his lamp to throw a light on the steps. A few plainly dressed country women carrying paper sacks struggled wearily off the train into the darkness, their feet crunching in the cinders as they walked away. They said hello to the white man in the absent way of people who have known each other forever.

The farmer seemed disappointed to be home. He jumped down to the cinders and stood there indecisively—big and shapeless, his arms and shoulders hanging curiously loose and awkward. He seemed loath to leave the porter. And he babbled on, shaking the Negro's arm gently, wheezing out mad laughter above the hissing engine steam.

"Listen. You and me's pardners, you hear me? You're all right." He held the Negro's arm at the elbow and shook it. He would have shaken his hand if all his life he had not been told it was a disgraceful thing to do. He looked at the Negro with dog-like affection and waited for an answer.

"We pardners, ain't we?"

"That's right," the Negro said. But his eyes were far away. He looked toward the rear, became intent in watching for the brakeman's lamp signal. The white man did not go away. He wanted to talk. But at length he had reached a point where he did not know what to say. He stood there on the cinder bank watching his new-found friend. The Negro would not look at him.

The porter got his signal and waved his lamp to the conductor up ahead. The train creaked forward and he stepped aboard.

"Hot damn!" the white man said gleefully, applauding the gesture. He lurched unsteadily down the cinder path keeping pace with the moving train, and calling still to the porter.

"Listen! I'll see you some time on this train, you hear? I'm going down to the coast again see about getting me a job. I'll see you."

"O.K., then," the Negro said. "Watch yourself now. The train is moving."

The farmer, still waving, vanished in the moving darkness, and the Negro lowered the trap and closed the door.

III

There was always much to see and to think about on these provincial trains. For the life of the South was here caught up in all its forms and reduced to one small world, set rolling and jerking through the hills and forest and farmlands, the towns and cities. At the point where the white and Negro coaches joined, one could catch the long, tragic drum roll of the years. Here one could see the heritage of two centuries of the slave trade, the aftermath of civil war and emancipation. These were the grandchildren and the great-grandchildren of the very Negroes Lincoln had talked about in the speeches that will live as long as there is a nation "upon this continent." And Justice Taney, in the Dred Scott decision denying runaway slaves asylum in the Free States, had spoken from a dead self-righteous heart that the grandparents and great-grandparents of these people had no rights that the white man was bound to respect. Here at the juncture of the Jim Crow coach one could remember the death of the Civil Rights statutes and all the historic list of legalisms by which the Supreme Court overthrew the military verdict of the Civil War and turned the

SOUTHERN TRAIN

Negro back into the hands of his former masters.

It is good to watch country Negroes, to catch the tempo of their lives; to know that what one sees is real, their family instincts and affections, their warmth, their human worth. At the heart of the southern tragedy, and largely responsible for its fierce perpetuation through succeeding generations, is the fact that southern white people have trained their minds to deny the existence of this Negro decency.

I stood on the train platforms watching these Negroes, waiting in their darkened towns along the cinder embankments and the timbered platforms, alive with laughter and excitement as the smoky train pulled in. There was so much to see: the expressive eyes and faces, the good spirits, the warmth and affection of greetings and farewells; the hand-shakings, the exclamations, the self-conscious and timid laughter of the boys who were going back to the Army; the giddy, laughing, silly young servant girls who were leaving perhaps to try their fortunes in Chicago or New York. Middle-aged women embraced one another with the wordless affection of sisters long separated, with the same tenderness and feeling of white women of their age. Dark big-eyed babies, bundled up in clean warm clothes, were held up to the arms of emotional parents or uncles and aunts and grandfathers they were seeing perhaps for the first time.

Even if the clothes were cheap, the Negroes were dressed neatly for their trips; sometimes one could see a woman with a garden flower pinned to her coat. There was all the life and meaning of a great railway station at these crossroads stops. It made no difference that the separations and the journeyings of many of these families involved distances no greater than the twenty or thirty miles between two Mississippi towns.

There is courage and decency and beauty in the lives of the poorest southern Negroes. Because only eighty years ago they were chattels, without law or legal marriage, and because of their insecurity and ignorance, these qualities among them do not arrange themselves quite so often in the enduring and tidy middle-class patterns of the whites. But there are loyalties of blood and affection in this people, and their instincts are the instincts of all humanity. Their children are born to a human heritage as old and as honorable as any on the earth.

Thomas Sancton, a native of New Orleans, newspaperman and Nieman Fellow, was formerly managing editor of the *New Republic*. For the past few years he has been working in Mississippi, and his forthcoming book, *The Southern People*, will be published by Doubleday. He is now Washington correspondent for the *Nation*.

THE IMPONDERABLE

IRWIN STARK

PLUMP Harry Davids of the social studies department stood in the corridor near the main entrance and looked down the steps of the school. Though the doors were open wide, only the ghost of a breeze came up from the hot sidewalk, deserted now except for the old pretzel vender. Harry glanced nervously at his wrist watch and then stared with vague resentment at the dark Italian kid, the front-door monitor who, calmly rooted into the bench, was studiously reading the sports section of the Mirror. It was exactly eleven o'clock, the assembly was already under way, and Dr. Simons had not yet arrived. Of course, Harry reflected not too hopefully, there was still time and they could always stall for more if need be. But he was annoyed just the same.

He paced down the hall again in short, ponderous steps, ears alert to the sounds coming from the auditorium. The chords of the piano could be heard faintly, and as he strode back to the main entrance the assembly began singing the national anthem, and the butterflies in his stomach waved even more furious wings.

Looking down the steps now, Harry wished with a sudden petulance that the pretzel vender would take himself someplace else. For some reason he couldn't figure out at the moment, the man had become an affront that was gnawing big holes into his brittle composure. Behind his heavily laden basket the old peddler was performing a familiar pantomime.

He mopped his brow with a frayed, cream-colored rag, contemplated his basket thoughtfully, and adjusted the pretzels more symmetrically on their vertical sticks. Then he shrugged his round shoulders and, fondly stroking his dirty grey beard, gazed at his wares with a smug self-satisfaction.

"Y'hungry, Harry? Y'want a pretzel?" a voice behind Harry inquired too solicitously.

Harry turned to face Joe Steinman, who was also a history teacher. "Hungry? My stomach's full of pins," he said to Joe's broad grin.

"What's the matter? The Rov take a powder?" Joe made a poor attempt to register anxiety.

"God knows," Harry said. "But you can do me a favor, Joe. Go into the assembly and tell Monaghan to stall as long as he can."

"Sure thing," Joe said. "But you don't have to tell him. It comes natural."

"Well, tell him anyhow," Harry said peevishly.

"Okay, okay," Joe soothed. "I'm rushing—"

Harry watched him enter the auditorium and felt at once that a little of the pressure had been removed. A little. It was, he mused, a damn thankless job no matter how you sliced it. He spread his legs apart and continued to stare at the old man who was putting two large pretzels into a small white bag for some kid who had skipped out by a side door.

THE IMPONDERABLE

At the end of the term Monaghan would undoubtedly write him a beautiful letter of appreciation, maybe they'd print his article in Teachers' Points, and he'd have his sense of satisfaction. Not that he expected much more. On the other side of the ledger there was the kidding skepticism of teachers like Joe, not to mention the usual faculty jealousy of the man who was doing the job. He had to take that too, even though he certainly hadn't invented the job for himself. When Monaghan had handed him the circular from the Board and explained, "Well, here's



something right down your alley, Harry," he had tried to beg out. But Monaghan had remarked in his blunt way, "If you're not interested, then who in heaven's name will be?" and so he had agreed to do it.

The pretzel vender was busy making up a number of white bags now, placing two pretzels in each. Every time his fingers touched them Harry shuddered inwardly. The door monitor, finally tempted, left his paper and went down the steps to buy a bag in advance of the lunch-time rush. Harry walked to the bench and sat down, suddenly aware of how tired his legs were.

Some of the men like his friend Joe had frankly scoffed at the whole idea. "More paper stuff," Ginsberg had declared. And Bill Cermak's comment had been, "If you ask me, the Board needs it worse than the kids." But Joe's skepticism, which predated the war and had been reinforced by three years in the Army, had been especially bitter.

"So you're going to give them an intercultural program," he had said. "With Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck making like tolerance, eh?"

"If I can get them," Harry had parried. "They're busy characters."

"And when it's all over, you think these kids are going to be in love with Negroes and Jews?" Joe's eyes laughed at him. "Come back to earth, Harry. Your parachute's showing."

"At least," he'd quipped defensively, "I'm heading in the right direction, Joe. Down to earth."

"Okay," Joe said. "And don't forget to write it all up for Teachers' Points. Don't forget to tell them what a howling success it was."

"I intend to," Harry had answered.

As a matter of fact, the programs had been successful. Without exception the speakers had gone across big and that had not been an accident either. From the beginning he had realized the importance of subtlety. Throwing the programs at these tough Italian and Irish kids as an interracial scheme would have been disastrous. He had therefore asked the

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speakers to talk about anything but strictly interracial matters. Their mere presence would be enough he had assured them. "We don't want to give them the idea we're trying to teach them anything," he had written in one letter of invitation. "Seeing a Negro, and hearing him talk like any other normal human being will be a sufficient shock to jolt any misconceptions they may have." Mr. Chalmers of the Negro Boys' Club, Mr. Leung of the Chinese American Messenger, the Reverend Mr. Lawrence of the University Methodist Church, and Father MacIntyre of St. Ignatius had all served the purpose nobly. Chalmers had discussed athletics and sportsmanship, Mr. Leung the oddities of Chinese cooking, Mr. Lawrence aviation, and Father MacIntyre comic-book heroes. Harry had shown an appropriate film each time, *The Story of Dr. Carver* for Mr. Chalmers, a short documentary on China for Mr. Leung, a film on flying for Mr. Lawrence, and a Popeye cartoon for Father MacIntyre. For Dr. Simons' talk on science this morning he had rented a three-reeler dealing with Dr. Goldberger and pellagra.

Joe Steinman returned from the auditorium and sauntered to the bench. Of average height, he was wiry but solid, having lost nothing of the trim build that had carried him through the Italian campaign.

"You tell Monaghan?" Harry questioned eagerly.

"Boil off," Joe said. "He's good for another ten minutes at least. More if you don't interrupt him. Meet you at the clock for lunch!" He started down the hall.

"Aren't you going to listen to Simons?" Harry called after him.

"What for?" Joe asked over his shoulder, grinning. "I don't have any prejudices. Except healthy ones."

Well, Harry thought, there'd be no-

body to listen to Simons if he didn't show up soon. The front door monitor came up the steps munching at a piece of pretzel. He sat down silently next to Harry and continued with his paper. Harry looked at his watch and resolved to give the rabbi five minutes more.

He had first met Simons, he remembered, at an interracial forum for teachers about a year ago, been impressed by his platform poise, his sense of humor and clean, robust appearance. If anything, the rabbi had seemed more natively American than either the priest or the Protestant clergyman, and Harry had thought of him immediately when planning the program. He was precisely the man to break down the stereotyped prejudices of these kids. If he'd ever arrive. . . .

He was about to glance at his watch again when he saw the rabbi coming up the steps. He arose quickly and went out to meet him.

"Dr. Simons?" he said. "I'm Harry Davids."

The rabbi extended his hand. "I hope I haven't held things up, Mr. Davids," he said contritely. His voice had a mid-western twang that didn't quite match the pin-striped Oxford he was wearing. "I was deadlocked in one of those interminable pre-marital conferences. . . ."

"That's perfectly all right," Harry said sympathetically. "You're just in time." He stood aside to let the rabbi enter first, and, before following him in, glanced back at the pretzel vender whom, he noted with a brief mental hallelujah, the rabbi had not even seen.

As they entered the auditorium, Mr. Monaghan, the principal, was still speaking, but he indicated with a short nod that he recognized them. Harry took the rabbi down the side aisle to the front row where they sat on the two end seats to await Monaghan's concluding remarks. After a flurry of restrained applause Mona-

ghan walked from the platform. He nodded politely to Harry and the rabbi and then hurried up the aisle and out of the auditorium.

Tom Butler, who was running the assembly, was on stage now and was introducing him. Harry smiled at the rabbi who winked back understandingly, and as the assembly applauded, Harry made his way to the stage and waited for quiet.

"As you all know," he told them, "we've had a number of different speakers this term, and today for our final program we're honored in having with us the leader of one of the foremost religious congregations in the city. Besides being a leader of his congregation, however, this distinguished man is also a student of science. I know you'll be glad to hear that he's consented to come here today to talk about some of the great scientific figures of our time. It is with great pleasure that I therefore introduce Dr. Robert Simons of the West Park Temple."

Dr. Simons arose and came to the rostrum amid applause as Harry resumed his seat. The rabbi stood there for a moment without speaking, evidently gathering his thoughts and smiling at the mass of faces to trap their goodwill.

"I'm sure I can't tell you fellows anything you don't already know about science," he began, tongue in cheek. "Mr. Davids tells me that when it comes to science you fellows make Einstein look like a bush-leaguer trying to figure out his batting average. And as we were coming into the auditorium a few minutes ago, he showed me one of the most amazing inventions it's been my good fortune to see—" he paused dramatically— "a three-cornered, a triangular spitball, gentlemen, invented by one of the most brilliant minds in the senior class." The rabbi's pretense of seriousness was contagious. The auditorium rocked with laughter, and

the applause that followed was spontaneous and prolonged. Simons was okay. Harry settled back in his seat and smiled at Tom Butler. The rabbi was going to be fine.

Before his time was up, he had them all in stitches including most of the faculty as well. His anecdotes about Steinmetz, Einstein, Edison, and Goldberger were at once funny and informative. If he found himself becoming too serious, he would suddenly stop with an eye twinkling, "And that reminds me of the story—" and have them roaring again with another joke. By the end of his talk he could have sold all of them tickets to the Yom Kippur services at West Park if he wanted to. The applause was unrestrained as he walked down the steps from the stage and took his place next to Harry.

"Wonderful!" Harry told him.

"Thank you," the rabbi said.

Tom Butler was waving his arms at the rostrum and was shouting, "All right, all right. . . . I don't have to tell Dr. Simons how much we enjoyed his talk. . . ." He didn't, for the applause broke out afresh and they refused to quiet down until Simons arose and smilingly nodded to them, holding his hands over his head like a victorious pugilist. When he sat down again, it was almost another minute before Tom Butler could get their attention and tell them about the film. Then the lights went out and the story of Dr. Goldberger claimed their attention.

"I'll have to be running along," Simons whispered. "Now that I've gotten in my dirty work. I've a luncheon appointment at one."

Together they went up the side aisle and out of the auditorium to the corridor. The dark Italian kid was still sitting on the bench reading his newspaper, and the pretzel vender had not gone away. He squinted up at Harry and the rabbi as they stood in the doorway.

"I can't tell you how much it's meant to have you," Harry said sincerely, shaking the rabbi's hand. "I'm sure you've made a solid dent."

"Good," the rabbi said. "Let me know when you need me again, Mr. Davids. Glad to oblige whenever my schedule permits."

Harry looked after him as he went down the steps, turned left at the bottom, and then walked east along the street. The pretzel man followed him with curious eyes.

"Assembly nearly over, Mr. Davids?" the Italian kid asked.

"What?" Harry murmured absently. "Oh—the assembly." He looked at his watch. "In time for lunch," he said.

About ten minutes later his class was waiting impatiently while he checked the attendance for cutters. They were still noisy and excited. He tapped his pencil loudly on the desk.

"Okay," he cautioned. "Take it easy. You don't leave this room till you calm down."

They became quiet almost at once.

"Well," he said, "and what did you think of Dr. Simons?"

There was an explosion of voices. Hands waved in all directions. "One at a time," he said. "How about it, Charlie?"

"He was the berries!" Charlie Patrick said. "Why, he was even funnier than the priest."

"Yeah—tha's righ'," Tony Cambresi agreed. "Can that guy crack a mean joke! Boy, o boy!"

"He don't even talk like a minister," Johnny contributed.

Harry smiled. "He isn't a minister—not exactly," he said. "He happens to be a rabbi."

The class was suddenly too quiet. Harry frowned. Nobody had mentioned the fact before. But somehow he had taken

it for granted that all of them would realize that Simons and the West Park Temple—

"A Jewish rabbi?" Johnny asked, incredulous.

"Yes—a Jewish rabbi," Harry said a little defiantly.

"Aw—what's the diff who he is?" Charlie Patrick asked rhetorically. "He's okay. He's got his eye on the ball."

"Sure," Tony assented with exaggerated certainty. "He's all righ'."

Murmurs of enthusiastic approbation came from the rest of the class, and Harry thought with a deep feeling of relief: it doesn't make any difference to them after all.

"Only nex' time we get a pitcha, Mr. Davids, can't we have Lana Turner, huh?"



Johnny Sullivan inquired, his pimply face illuminated by a salacious grin.

The class laughed and Harry laughed with them for the instant before the bell. He dismissed them happily to their lunch.

Joe Steinman was waiting for him at the clock. As they walked through the corridor to the door, he asked, "Well, how'd it go, Harry?"

"Fine," Harry said. "Simons was tops."

"They liked him, eh?"

"He panicked them. He's one of the smoothest talkers you ever heard. And you know, he actually looks like an Irishman, Joe."

"You don't say—" Joe said. His eyes were skeptical, grinning in place of his tight lips. The two of them halted abruptly at the top of the steps. "You don't say—" Joe repeated.

The pretzel man was in trouble. He was waving his fist at a gang of kids who were badgering him. "Geroud of here!" he was yelling at them hoarsely, his voice cracking in anger. "Geroud of here or I break your necks!" His eyes were blood-shot.

Harry turned his eyes to the group lined up against the fence. They were laughing at the old man's discomfiture. He recognized with a start that Charlie Patrick and Johnny Sullivan were in the forefront of the hecklers.

"Ah, go on an' peddle ya sheenie food someplace else!" Charlie yelled.

"Gons glick with mozel, mozel, mozel-tough!" Johnny jeered.

"Hey, where's ya matzos, Santy Claus?" another screamed.

Harry and Joe went down the steps. Harry could feel Joe's tenseness. They walked very quietly so that the boys did not hear them.

Charlie started, "Pretzel, pretzel bender, Itzik bender—"

Joe's big arm shot out and clipped the boy ferociously on the side of the neck.

Charlie gasped and sucked air. He stood, mouth open, looking up helplessly, tortured with fright and fury as Joe held him off at arm's length by the scruff of his neck. His pale face had turned powder pale. The others looked sheepishly at the

sidewalk and then began moving away slowly.

"Get out of here," Joe said. "And if I catch you bothering the old man again, I'll split you right down the middle! So help me!"

He gave Charlie a swift shove and the boy went off after the others, rubbing his neck tenderly, not daring to look back.

The old Jew was at a loss for words. He tried to look grateful. He stared into his pretzel basket, shrugged at it, and muttered some gibberish. Then he took out his dirty handkerchief and blew his nose very loudly.

"Come on," Joe said. "I'm starved."

They walked up the block together. Harry was silent. There was nothing he could say, nothing he wanted to say.

As they reached the corner, Joe suddenly laughed out loud. "Harry," he said, "I just gave birth to a wonderful idea."

"Congratulations," Harry said.

"That old Jew—"

Harry followed Joe's backward glance. The old man was busy selling his pretzels to half a dozen boys now. The incident was evidently closed.

"What about him?"

"Why not ask *him* to speak at the assembly next week?" Joe asked.

Harry smiled. He didn't think it was such a hot joke. He looked at Joe. It struck him as odd that Joe wasn't smiling. Not even with his eyes this time.

Irwin Stark is a New York City high school teacher who contributes to a variety of publications. His first novel, *The Invisible Island*, was published by Viking last summer.

The illustrations are by Bernadine Custer.

MOSCOW-ON-THE-HUDSON

MIKHAIL JELEZNOV

OUR TREK from Russia led to the South and West—to Praha, and Belgrade, and Constantinople, and Berlin, and Paris, and beyond the ocean to the New World.

We went from village to village; from city to city; from war to war; from famine to famine. We fought our enemies who were our brothers; we fled from a motherland that became a stepmotherland; in our wake we left blood and misery and destitution. We were a colorless multitude, neither red nor white, uprooted for the sake of an ideal that brought death to untold millions of people like us, people of whom the poet Marina Tzvetayeva said:

*Those who were red are now white
with the whiteness of death.*

*Those who were white are now red
with the redness of blood.*

We were not pioneers setting out to conquer new lands and discover new horizons. We were fugitives, the first displaced persons of the 20th century, to be followed by multitudes of others driven by the great holocaust that has not yet abated.

Some of us weakened and went back. Others doggedly trod on and on until they came to their own predestined dead end.

We did not need much: a slice of bread, a kind word, a shelter—a place to stop over for the shortest possible time, no more than a few months, but most likely only a few weeks. We knew

that the new regime would not last a year. It just could not. Wise men in London and Paris and Washington said it, and we saw it in black and white, and we believed it.

So we went to Praha, or Belgrade, or Constantinople, or Berlin, or Paris, or beyond the ocean into the New World, but to us they were like railroad stations or transfer stops. We never bothered to unpack our baggage. There was no sense in doing it: the homebound train would arrive at any moment and we would have to commence packing all over again.

And so we waited for the train to take us home, and the years passed, and we waited and waited, and the kindly League of Nations gave us permits to linger a while longer at the station, and they called these permits Nansen passports, and a few more years passed, and nothing happened; but our baggage remained unpacked.

My transfer stop was New York.

New York, when I arrived there, was already teeming with Russians: the exodus from the Old World had begun early in 1919. We pitched camp in the metropolis and settled down to a temporary life in Moscow-on-the-Hudson. We brought with us our own language; our own traditions, habits, prejudices, and samovars; our own writers, artists, and poets; even our own nursemaids of peasant stock to nurse our future babies.

We were nobodies, people without a nationality, “formers.” It said so in our

Nansen passports: "ci-devant Russe"—formerly Russian. Former generals and colonels and privates; former princes and counts and workingmen; former priests and bankers and professional revolutionaries; former novelists and painters and merchants; former students and professors and janitors; and former members of all the former governments of Russia.

In New York we lived exactly as we had lived in Russia, and those of us who hailed from small provincial Russian towns treated with respect and admiration those who had been to Moscow or Petersburg. We established our own clubs, opened our own theaters, organized our own societies. No one, of course, spoke any English. Russian was our

switched to their native Russian tongue in America.

One could get along in New York exclusively with the Russian language—one still can—and we saw no need to waste our time on learning the extremely difficult barbaric tongue of the natives whom we viewed with a mixed feeling of contempt and pity. Poor ignorant creatures: they had lived in this country for such a long time and had not yet learned how to speak Russian!

The Americans were outsiders, foreigners. Those who found themselves accidentally in the company of Russians were made to feel apologetic for their ignorance and inability to engage in the general conversation.

Not until I arrived in this country did I realize what a gifted people we Russians were. There was no limit to our accomplishments. There was not a plain mortal among us. My compatriots without exception were the greatest our motherland had ever produced. All our actors were of the Moscow Art Theater. All the dancers, of the Imperial Ballet. All the singers, of the Imperial Opera. In New York I found several genuine Chaliapins, a score of Anna Pavlovas, a dozen Stanislavskys, a number of illegitimate children of the late Czar and as many legitimate ones, the late Czar himself, and a host of other distinguished sons and daughters of Mother Russia.

We lived in a world of our own, untroubled by the waves of assimilation that beat at our rigid shores. Our American neighbors failed to understand us and pinned on us the calumnious label of "crazy Russians." They did not know of course that we called them "crazy Americans."

We were autonomous and self-supporting. Within the confines of Moscow-on-the-Hudson we had built our own society. A few Russians, driven by the instinct of



language, and even the aristocrats who at home in Russia spoke only French

self-preservation ventured into the strange world where the natives dwelt, and opened restaurants. These became not only the principal source of income for almost the entire Russian colony but also great temples for dissemination of Russian culture among the Americans. Former generals of the Imperial Army, former grand dukes, princes and counts, the late Czar himself, and some members of his late family became chefs, waiters, and bus-boys. Former members of the Russian Art Theater and the Imperial Ballet, all the Chaliapins, and some of the Pavlovas became performers specializing in gypsy songs.

Russians favored with a dark complexion found profitable employment as Caucasian dagger-dancers. They appeared on the stage wearing a Caucasian uniform that no Caucasian ever wore and, chanting weird incantations, threw flaming swords and daggers at a certain target.

The crazy Americans just loved them.

In addition to restaurants we had lectures. This, too, was a profitable enterprise. Whenever a Russian wanted to express himself—and what Russian does not—he hired a hall and announced a lecture. All the other Russians of course came to listen to him, not because they were interested in what he had to say—no Russian is interested in what another Russian has to say—but because they also planned to deliver a lecture. This system kept the money circulating nicely from public to lecturers to public.

A number of Russian ladies who somehow missed the opportunity of becoming actresses of the Moscow Art Theater in America discovered that the art of fortunetelling paid well. We were all eagerly interested in our future and any fortuneteller who predicted “a long trip” was assured of a lasting success. A “long trip” had a special meaning for us: we

did not plan or expect to travel anywhere except back home.

Quite a few Russians became writers. Books on Russia were in great demand then. They always are. It seems that there is a perennial Russian riddle that people constantly strive to solve. I doubt that we Russians contributed anything to the solution of the riddle, but we did write a staggering number of books. We still do.

And so we lived on and on. We struggled and grew older and, perhaps, a little wiser. We suddenly realized that our hopes of ever returning home were futile. Inadvertently, in spite of ourselves, we became denizens, learned some of the native language, acquired some of the native manners and habits.

Americanization, like a creeping paralysis, enveloped our minds and bodies. With horror and dismay we discovered our children reading dreadful American funnies, and we knew that this was the end of our road, that there was nothing left for us but to take out naturalization papers. We did. And when a new immigrant appeared in our midst, we greeted him not with the traditional Russian “Zdravstvuyte” but with a broad American “How do you do”—even if these were the only four words in English that we were able to pronounce more or less correctly.

This is the second of a series of sketches by Mikhail Jeleznov to appear in COMMON GROUND. The first, “Shakespeare and I,” appeared in the Autumn 1948 number. Mr. Jeleznov is news editor of the New York Russian-language daily, Novoye Russkoye Slovo.

The illustration is by Robert D. Kohn, architect member of the Common Council’s Board of Directors, whose drawings have long delighted his friends.

SPOIL THE CHILD

HELEN EUSTIS

THE DAY of Hassie's eleventh birthday party, Grammer came downstairs in the morning and found Hassie putting big bows of orange crepe paper on all the tie-backs of the parlor window curtains.

"Morning, Grammer," said Hassie. "I just got this idea. Don't it look divine?"

Grammer folded her lips in over her plates, marched up to the nearest bow, and snatched it down.

"But why, Grammer, why? I think it looks just beautiful, Grammer, just like the pictures of parties in magazines! Why?"

"Never you mind why," said Grammer. "Take them bows down." But then she limped around the room from window to window herself, while Hassie stood in the middle of the carpet, dark and mad-looking. "Cheap and gaudy," Grammer said, when she got the last one down.

"Oh, Grammer, I think you are an outrage!" cried Hassie, throwing out her arms the way she did in the class play.

"Mind your mouth, miss," said Grammer, and limped off to the kitchen, her right hand on her hip joint like she was afraid her leg would fall off.

Thank the good God it was a school day and Hassie was out from under foot most of the day, off at school. In the morning Grammer mixed the cake and got it in the oven, thought about seven-minute icing, thought about beating for seven minutes, and decided to make the boiled. All the time she worked she talked.

"Get out the way, you cat," she said.

"Always under my feet. Person would think you never got a bite in your stomach. Person would think you never got fed round here. Shut up you yowling. Where was you last night when I wanted you, anyhow? Out gallivanting with some tom? Woman's got enough trouble. Don't you know better than to get you a bellyful of kittens for me to drown? No, you don't. You like them all. Got no more sense than a cat."

Mrs. Mabon said hello to her over the fence when she went out to hang a few towels on the line. "Pleasant day, ain't it?" she said.

"Windy, though," said Grammer. "Feel it in my bones."

"New-ritis," said Mrs. Mabon. "That's what it is, I bet you. I was reading a piece in a magazine."

"Rheumatism," said Grammer, shaking her head. "Had it for years."

"My Frank, he's got sinus trouble," said Mrs. Mabon, who was hanging up her wash all the while. "Ever' time the wind blows he starts to hawkin' and spittin' you'd think you was in a T.B. sanitarium. Ain't you doing your wash today?"

"It's Hassie's birthday," said Grammer. "We're havin' a party this afternoon, so I'm savin' the wash for tomorrow. Drop over for a piece of cake, Miz Mabon, when you see the chil'ren coming round."

"Thanks," said Mrs. Mabon. "I will. What kind?"

"Devil's food," said Grammer, and

pivoted on her good leg to go inside. "Devil's food," she muttered to herself, climbing the porch steps, "for that imp o' Satan God sent to me."

Eleven o'clock, when she had the beds made, the upstairs swept, and the cake half done, the mailman came. He rang the bell because there was a package that wouldn't fit in the box.

"Morning, Mrs. Crowe," said Joe Stock, the mailman. "Somebody got a present from her Mama today. Birthday?"

"Uh-huh," said Grammer, holding onto her false teeth with her mouth, like she did when she was mad. "Thank you kindly, Joe."

She took the little package wrapped in brown paper, and the letter, both addressed in Etta's sloppy handwriting, and went into the parlor to sit down. She sat there on the horsehair sofa, just turning the letter over and looking at the envelope for a moment because she felt so tired. Then she got up and took her glasses down from the mantel and hooked them over her ears. Mrs. Rebecca Crowe, it said on the letter, and on the package, Miss Harriet Brown. She held the package up to her ear and shook it. It was small, light, and it didn't rattle. Most likely some cheap flash piece of jewelry packed in cotton, like no child ought to have. As if Grammer didn't have trouble enough. As if she didn't half the time feel like she'd like to lay down and die. Lord, she thought, I raised one. Lord, I'm too old, and too tired. But the Lord God had no time for listening to an old woman like her. And that was all right with her, too. If He wouldn't take the blame, He wouldn't get the credit, neither. "I got no use," she said out loud, "for the shiftless colored who cry out how God did it ever' time they do something for they race to be proud of." Feeling a little spunkier after that, she opened Etta's letter.

"Dear Ma," it said. "I will not be able to get over to you for Hassie's birthday. Tell her Happy Birthday from me. I am sending a small gift, though times is awful hard and Harold is laid off this week. I seen Florence and she said to tell you Hello. She is fine, also Albert. Will close now as my Madam is having a dinner party of 12 this evening and I am jumping around like a pea on a hot griddle.

"Your affect. daughter,
Etta."

"Etta," said Grammer, answering the letter right then and there, "you don't sound like yourself." One sentence following right along after another without no giggling and wiggling between. But then, come to think of it, she did sound like herself, too. Like a pea on a hot griddle—Grammer could remember her own grandmother saying that. Etta got that from her. But Etta's Madam—that was Etta. Nobody in the Crowe or the Wheelwright families had called no white woman Madam before this day. "Whatcha havin' for dinner, Granny?" Grammer used to ask her own grandmother. "Lay-overs to catch meddlers!" Granny would answer her, and fetch her a rap on the head with her thimble. Now what had that got to do with Etta and her Madam? Nothing, except that Granny had been a proud, upstanding, dignified woman, even if she did smoke a pipe, with German and Indian and Negro blood all mixed in her veins only making her prouder, while Etta was nothing but a fly Harlem—good-for-nothing, too shiftless to look after her own by-blow. You raised her, said Grammer's conscience, and Grammer took off her specs to wipe away her easy, weary, old woman's tears. "Dusting," she said. "I better get at that dusting." And then, "Oh, my Lord God Almighty, I forgot the cake!"

SPOIL THE CHILD

By a miracle the cake wasn't burned, only a little hard around the edges. Didn't show so bad on chocolate as it might have on white. Grammer set the pans out on damp dishrags, and went off to dust. All those wooden spindles like spider webs in the corners of the parlor door—what dust catchers! Grammer left her glasses on to see sharp, and, grunting and groaning, climbed up on a parlor chair.

When you're a young woman, you worry about things. You worry about your children and how you can do right for them. You worry about your husband, and what you'd do if he died. You don't see things clear because you're looking too hard, and besides, maybe you know that if you did see them clear maybe you wouldn't like what you saw. When you get old, and your husband is dead, and your children turned out no-good anyhow, you see you can't change things as much as you thought you could, and sometimes you get so tired you even wonder if you should try. Hassie shouldn't be with an old woman. An old woman has lost the strength to do her duty. Sometimes Grammer even considered if all them lickings didn't change Etta a speck, what was the good wearing out her old arm on Hassie? Already you could see her mother in her, taking on those flighty ways. Bows on the curtains! Nigger finery! Oh, raising children is as bad as keeping house! Everything to do over and over again. "Twelve-thirty," said Grammer out loud. "Time for *The Romance of Helen Trent*. Get out of my way, you cat."

She ate a bite, sitting at the kitchen table listening to the radio. Then she got after the sandwiches, spreading and cutting and wrapping up in damp cheesecloth. The crusts she saved for bread pudding tomorrow. She felt better after a little food and rest. She would have taken forty winks,

except she couldn't count on herself to wake up in time. "Lemme see, cat," she said, even though she was saying what she very well knew. "There's going to be eleven chil'ren, even if we did ask only the girls. There's the cheese and the peanut butter and the raspberry jam—get out from under my feet, you ole fool!" Martha and Theresa and Clara Fay and Flossie. Geraldine and Brenda. White and black. "Maybe this is no good of a town in which to raise a colored child," said Grammer suddenly. It had never come to her like that before.

Over here in Greenleaf, New Jersey, you didn't need to know you had a brown skin until you looked in the mirror to see it. There were not very many people, and those who were here had mostly been here for many years. There was—lemme see—five colored families—the McKinleys, the Harrisons, the Joneses, the Wheelwrights—cousin Myra was left—and the Crowes. But then, there wasn't so very many more white families—it was just a little bit of a town. And everybody always gave everybody else a pleasant good morning; if there was sickness you went to your neighbor; and fat white Mrs. Mabon would as soon drop in on Mrs. Crowe for a piece of devil's food cake as not. Redheaded Mary Hicks married Berk McKinley, but that was trash on both sides of the color line, and everybody, black and white, knew it. It all worked out very natural. All the kids played together when they were small, and then, gradually, when they got to the boy and girl age, the colored boys and girls just naturally went together, and the white boys and girls. Some kids picked it up by looking sharp and seeing what went on about them; others had to get it beat in with a razor strop. Ain't that natural, though?

"I don't see how chil'ren are so slow-witted nowadays, cat," said Grammer.

COMMON GROUND

"When I was a chile it came to me naturally to be like I ought to be. I saw my Granny and my Mama and I wanted to be like them because that was how our family was, and that was how we was proud to be. I was too proud to want to go where people wouldn't want me. I was proud of my family and my race and my kind. My Grampa was one of the richest farmers in this town. My Papa, he was a minister—none of your shoutin', rollin', gettin' happy kind, either. You're a cute ole cat," said Grammer, pushing herself to her feet once more. "You look at me just like you care."

Grammer was upstairs fighting her way into her good black dress when Hassie came home. "Draw your water and take your bath, child," she yelled down. "I got your things laid out on your bed. Soon's you're dressed you can run down and get the ice cream."

"Kin I tie a bow on pussy's neck for the party, kin I, Grammer?" Hassie shouted back up the stairs, with her voice all full of excitement like when she was a little bit of a thing.

"Sure you can, honey," called Grammer, "and stop yellin' up and down stairs." Then she had to sit down on the edge of her bed a minute to cry. "Dear Lord God," she whispered, though she never expected much returns on prayers, "make her a good child and a good woman. Make her grow up good, like I want her to be. Make her turn out better than her mother. Maybe some good man could come along and tame her down, Lord." But how could any poor man be expected to do what Grammer couldn't? "Make her humble, Lord, and proud." This prayer wasn't working out so good. How could a person be both humble and proud? But you had to be—you had to! Especially if your skin was dark! "Hassie!" yelled Grammer. "Get on up here and take your bath!"

"I'm comin', Grammer!" yelled Hassie.

Downstairs, there was the dining room table to spread, the cat to be shut out so she wouldn't jump up and steal the food, the good plates to get out, the paper napkins to be laid around. Grammer felt nice and fresh and clean, smelling of talcum powder, with her long Indian hair neatly pinned and combed, her glasses polished, her new arch preserver shoes shined. She began to hum, then to sing, a song her Granny used to know:

*Nicodemus the slave was of African birth
And was bought for a handful of gold.*

*He was reckoned as part of the salt of the
earth*

And he died long ago, very old.

And his last sad request

As they laid him to rest

In the trunk of an old hollow tree—

*"Wake me up," was his charge, "at the
first break of day,*

"Wake me up for the great jubilee."

*There's a great day coming and it's not far
off—*

Been long, long, long on the way,

So go and tell 'Lijah to hurry up home

And meet me by the gum tree,

Down by the swamp

For to wake Nicodemus today.

*Nicodemus was never the sport of the lash
Though the bullets had oft crossed his
path.*

*Nor was one of his masters so bold and so
rash*

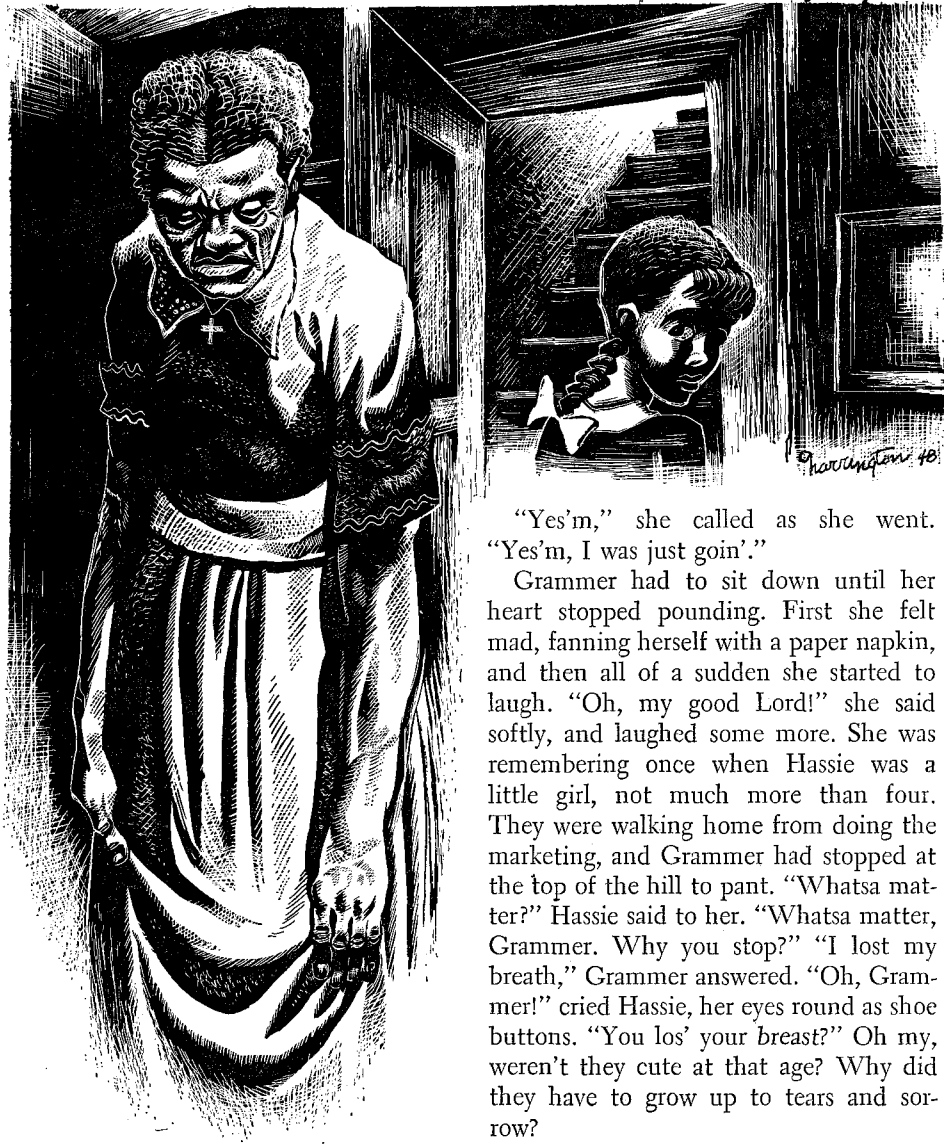
As to face such a man in his wrath.

*But his great heart with kindness was
filled to the brim,*

*He obeyed who was born to command,
And he longed for the morning which
then was so dim—*

'This the morning we now . . .

"Grammer," said Hassie suddenly, coming up behind her without a sound so



that she jumped, and dropped a fork. "You sound so mournful!"

"Ain't you in the bathtub yet?" screamed Grammer. "I'll teach you to sneak up behind me, miss!" and she aimed a wallop at Hassie's ear, but Hassie dodged and ran.

"Yes'm," she called as she went. "Yes'm, I was just goin'."

Grammer had to sit down until her heart stopped pounding. First she felt mad, fanning herself with a paper napkin, and then all of a sudden she started to laugh. "Oh, my good Lord!" she said softly, and laughed some more. She was remembering once when Hassie was a little girl, not much more than four. They were walking home from doing the marketing, and Grammer had stopped at the top of the hill to pant. "Whatsa matter?" Hassie said to her. "Whatsa matter, Grammer. Why you stop?" "I lost my breath," Grammer answered. "Oh, Grammer!" cried Hassie, her eyes round as shoe buttons. "You los' your breast?" Oh my, weren't they cute at that age? Why did they have to grow up to tears and sorrow?

Hassie came down the stairs all spick and spandy in her white dress with the blue smocking, her blue ribbons and her comb and brush in her hand. "I hate this ole baby dress, Grammer," she complained. "Tessie and Brenda and Sue all have rayon crepe dresses for their party days. Why can't I have one too, Grammer?"

"You hush up," said Grammer, taking the comb and brush from her. "Sit down here where I can get at you. While you are your age you gonna dress your age! Turn round here so's I can part your hair."

"Ow!" yelled Hassie. "Grammer, you hurt!"

When Hassie was all slicked up and neat, Grammer sent her off to Klingman's for the ice cream, cautioning her not to dare dirty herself on the way. Now should she put the sandwiches on the plates? No, they would only get dry. Still, if she put them on the plates and then put the damp cheesecloth over the top. . . . "Oh, my Lord God, I forgot to give Hassie Etta's present!" and she pulled her lips in around her false teeth. But she couldn't stay mad long. She was like Hassie, like a child—kind of excited about the party. She always did like a party in her house.

"There's a great day comin' and it's not far off. . . . No, cat, it ain't going to do you absolutely no good to go climbin' up that screen!"

The truth was about that song that when she sang it, it always made her think about her husband, John Francis Crowe. Always had, since they was courting. She always thought of Nicodemus the Slave looking like John Francis Crowe had looked when he was—oh, around forty years old. Tall and copper color and dignified looking. The kind of man you'd feel like voting for. Not but what his looks had been something of a snare and a deception. She had to admit to herself that she was the one had worn the pants. If there was a fight to be fought, she was the one to fight it. How many times had she said to him, "John Francis Crowe, haven't you got no pride?" "Live and let live," was all he would ever answer her. The truth was he was timid. John Francis Crowe was kind

and sweet and handsome, but he was soft. "Let my baby alone," he'd say when she licked Etta. "We ain't starving," he'd say if somebody cheated him. The truth was there wasn't any colored people left in the world like her father and grandfather—like Nicodemus the Slave. They'd all gone soft and flighty and shiftless, without either decent humbleness or decent pride. The whole world was changing for the worse. Once more, Grammer took off her glasses to cry. She felt so old and all alone that she got up and let the cat in, in spite of the sandwiches, and took her on her lap. She felt so lonesome she almost wished that varmint Hassie would hurry on home.

When Hassie did get back, she came in through the front door. "Grammer, Grammer!" she yelled from the parlor. "Here's a present for me—from Mama! Come and look, Grammer! Come and see!"

"Don't go callin' your elders and betters to come to you, Hassie Brown! Come in the kitchen yourself if you want me to see. Where's that ice cream, anyhow?"

"Mr. Klingman gave us a piece of dry ice, Grammer. It'll keep."

"Stop that yellin' back and forth and come here!" Grammer screamed.

Hassie came in with a big brown paper bag in one hand and the package in the other. She put the bag down on the kitchen table and began picking at the string on the parcel.

"Here, give that to me," said Grammer, snatching it impatiently.

"No, no, Grammer!" wailed Hassie, hopping back and forth from one foot to the other. "It's my package! Let me!"

But Grammer had the paring knife at hand to cut the string. She pulled off the paper and lifted the lid. "O-o-oh!" said Hassie at her shoulder. "Ain't it just beautiful?"

SPOIL THE CHILD

Just like Grammer had expected, it was a great big gaudy piece of jewelry, a brooch, made out of brass, most likely—gold-looking, anyhow, and certainly not gold—with a big piece of red glass in the center. The brass was made in the shape of a flower, like a rose, and the red glass was at the heart. It was as tawdry as could be, but Hassie picked it out of its bed of cotton like it was a crown jewel, and pinned it on the smocking of her dress—like some fancy woman's gem on that fresh clean child.

"Nigger finery!" said Grammer, though she was holding on to her false teeth hard.

"Oh, Grammer!" said Hassie, who wasn't used to hear her Grammer talk that way. They looked at each other for a moment, not saying anything. "Don't you want me to wear it?" said Hassie softly, sounding scared.

"Do what you want," said Grammer shortly, getting up and dumping the cat out of her lap. "Your mother sent it to you. Ain't no concern of mine." She picked up the ice cream and limped out to the ice box on the greeny vine-covered back porch. Out of the corner of her eye she could see Hassie standing where she had left her, fingering the brooch. There was something in the way Hassie was standing that made her feel a little bad. "Get them cut-glass sauce dishes and also the sherbet glasses and set them out on the table, now, Hassie," she called, and felt relieved to see Hassie obey.

At half-past four, when the children started coming, they both felt better—even kind of gay—even Grammer. Mrs. Mabon arrived a little before, all spritzed up with her corset on, and offered to help serve. "It's real neighborly of you," said Grammer, even though she knew Mrs. Mabon would sell her soul for a bit of something sweet. Mrs. Mabon told her to go along out and greet her guests, that she'd dish up the ice cream. Grammer

took down the cut-glass punch bowl, gave her apron to Mrs. Mabon, and went with Hassie to the front door. It seemed like old times—young times—to Grammer to stand at her front door greeting guests, even if it was nothing but kids. Once upon a time Grammer had held tea parties and church raffles in her home. Hassie stood beside her, hopping from one foot to the other.

"Hiya, Clara Fay—ooh, you shouldn't of—ooh, look, Grammer, an embroidered handkerchief—ain't that just divine? Run on in the parlor, Clara Fay. Brenda and Geraldine are already here. They gave me a book of *Anne of Green Gables* and a guest towel. Ain't that—isn't that just divine?"

"Calm down, child," Grammer hissed at her in a lull between arrivals. "You're way above yourself! Good afternoon, Audrey," she went on in her natural voice. "It was real nice of your mother to let you come." Though, come to think of it, why shouldn't those Treadways be glad to get that spoiled child out of the house for a meal?

Presently everybody was there, it seemed. Everybody had given Hassie some useless gift wrapped up in fancy tissue paper, and all those little girls were in the parlor squealing like a barrel of monkeys. Every now and then, over all of them, Grammer could hear Hassie yelling, "Ain't that just divine?" Feed 'em, thought Grammer. Feed 'em, before they start acting up. But just before she started for the kitchen, the bell rang. She turned to go to the door, but Hassie was before her. There was Theresa Jones, outside the screen, a long skinny white child with glasses, none too clean.

"Ooh, Hassie!" Grammer could hear her gasping, like the world had come to an end. "Is it a party? I thought you just asked me over to play!"

"Oh, T'resa," cried Hassie, "think

nothing of it, my dear! Come right in and sit down. Everybody's here!"

I'll lam that child, thought Grammer, talking so foolish you'd think she was out of her mind. "How'do, T'resa," she said, coming forward to greet the child.

"How'do, Miz Crowe. Gee, Miz Crowe, I didn't know it was a party. I thought Hassie just wanted me to come over and play. Gee, I feel awful, my waist isn't even clean. Maybe I could run home and change, huh?"

"Jus' run upstairs and wash your hands and face," Grammer began when Hassie broke in, tossing her head and handling the gaudy brooch on her flat little chest like some picture star. "My goodness, don't you worry, T'resa, honey, your school clothes is perfectly good enough for a nigger's party!"

For a minute Grammer felt like somebody was pumping air into her head and any minute it was going to bust. She saw Theresa looking up at her, red and scared, and Hassie with her mouth hanging like she didn't know what hit her. Then she grabbed on to the first thing of Hassie she could get hold of, which was her braids, and dragged her upstairs, even forgetting to favor her bad leg, she was so mad.

"Ow, Grammer, ow!" Hassie was whimpering softly. "What'd I do? I'm sorry, Grammer. Please, Grammer, let me go!"

"Get in your room, miss. I'll deal with you later!" And throwing Hassie down on her bed, she whisked out of the room, slammed and locked the door.

"Grammer! Grammer!" she heard Hassie calling, close up against the door. "My party! Please, Grammer, let me out! Let me come down! You kin whip me tomorrow, Grammer!"

All her joints were trembling so she had to grip the banister as hard as hard to get down the steps at all. She

walked in among the little girls with a proud, high look on her face and said loudly, "I'm afraid Hassie has been a naughty girl and won't be able to come down. Now come along in the dining room, chil'ren, and have something to eat."

She didn't know how she got through the rest of that party. The little girls were all as quiet and low voiced as if they were in church. They didn't even eat much, and what they did, they ate as fast as they could. Soon as they were through and the first one got up her nerve to say she had to go, the rest left like mice when they hear the cat. All but Mrs. Mabon, who sat on the horsehair sofa in the parlor, looking like she was going to slide off, eating her third dish of ice cream.

"What happened, Miz Crowe?" she asked curiously. "I was in the kitchen—I missed it. What'd Hassie do?"

Sometimes kids had more decency than grownups—not one of those kids had said a word. "She talked in a way I won't stand to hear in my house," said Grammer shortly.

"Well, they all pick up things, don't they? Makes you mad to hear your own using bad language, but, after all, it ain't the children who starts it."

"Hmp," said Grammer, and grunted, and sat down. "My Mama washed my mouth out with brown soap many's the time."

"Those was the old days," said Mrs. Mabon, in her shiftless, easygoing way. "Children ain't like they used to be. Used to be you'd just feed 'em and thrash 'em and let 'em grow. Seems like you got to put more thought into them nowadays. First it's feed 'em on the dot of feeding time, and next it's feed 'em ever' time they yell. My daughter, she keeps up with all them theories."

"Hmp," said Grammer, and bent over and took off her shoes.

SPOIL THE CHILD

"What'd Hassie say, Miz Crowe?" said Mrs. Mabon, after she'd scraped her ice cream dish.

"Something I wouldn't care to repeat," said Grammer, pushed herself up, and limped out of the room in her stocking feet.

Grammer gave Mrs. Mabon the left-over ice cream, and she finally went home. Grammer straightened up and washed up and put things away. Then she knew she had to go up and lick Hassie, but she was too tired. She was so tired she didn't know how to get herself mad again. Some way, instead of being mad at Hassie, it was Mrs. Mabon she kept feeling mad at. Big lump of blubber! Her daughter kept up with all the theories. . . . Huh. It ain't the children that starts it. . . . "Oh, cat," said Grammer, leaning over to set down the dish of milk while pussy leaned up against her ankles and twitched her tail and purred. "I'm gettin' too old and too tired." In her heart, didn't she know it was herself had said the word, herself, that very afternoon, about Etta's present to Hassie? Grammer did something she didn't often feel so low as to do: she went behind the kitchen door and got out the old crutch-handle stick John Francis Crowe used to use after he had the stroke, before he died. She leaned on it hard, letting herself be just as old and crippled up as she felt, hobbling across the linoleum without her shoes. "I'll just have me a cup of tea before I go up there, cat," she whispered, setting the kettle on to boil. "I'm too tired."

What was it that had come to her today about Greenleaf not being a good town in which for a person to raise a colored child? How come she had thought that? All these years it had seemed to her like the best place in the world. Like she always said, you didn't need to know you was black till you looked in the mirror. You could just rest

easy and forget all the wicked things that was going on in the world. Yet still and all, you was a Negro, and you couldn't help but know it—in fact, you was proud of it, you and your Mamma and your Granny before you. Why? What was it you was supposed to be proud of? That your great-granddaddy came from up New York state way where the deserter Hessians from the Revolutionary War, and the Indians, and the runaway slaves had formed a colony? What good did that do if you was like Etta told about one time—walked in a restaurant for a bit to eat but they wouldn't give you a place to sit down? Course a thing like that would never happen in Greenleaf, but if it did happen, what good was it to be proud of those old things that happened so long ago? Oh, was she going to start to disbelieve in these things she had believed in so long? What was the matter with her, thinking this way? It's a true thing, when you get old, the mind wanders. . . . "I'll make my tea," she said to the cat, who had settled down in her lap. "That water's boiling now."

But she couldn't help it. When she had the tea steeping in the pot and the sugar and the milk and the cup and the spoon all on the table so she could sit down, she began it all over again. "An old woman shouldn't have to do with young chil'ren. God fixed it so it wouldn't be so." The cat, who listened to every word she said, twined round her ankles and the chair legs and purred. Grammer poured out her tea, put in two good teaspoons of sugar and a little milk. The tea was just about the color of Hassie—lighter than Etta and Grammer. Not but what Grammer's own Granny had grey eyes. Just the same, she couldn't help but wonder who was Hassie's father, and if Etta ever knew. Whoever he was, Etta had four solid husbands since, to Grammer's certain knowledge—with or with-

out a preacher's help. The Lord had sent Grammer a bad, bad daughter (the tea was warming her up—in a minute now, she'd feel good enough to get mad)—bad, and foolish too. Spending money on that garish brooch when her child needed clothes, when Grammer was paying for Hassie out of the insurance money John Francis Crowe had left her for her old age. Suddenly what Hassie had said came back to her sharp and clear: Don't you worry, T'resa, your school clothes is perfectly good enough for a nigger's party! and once again Grammer began to cry. It seemed like the tea, instead of strengthening her up to get mad was only loosening her up like a glass of wine. She felt all soft and silly, like, if she hadn't known she had to, she wouldn't have licked Hassie at all. She remembered something Etta said to her once when she gave her a beating when she was fourteen or so, for making too free with too many boys. "Ma, Ma," Etta had cried, "you treat me like dirt and expect me to act like I was gold!" And couldn't she see the handwriting on the wall? Wouldn't Hassie run off and leave her, too? Already she went to visit her mother and stepfather over in New York sometimes. It was bad for her, but how could you stop a child visiting her mother? Afterwards, no matter if Grammer gave her nothing but milk toast for supper, she would talk in her sleep and have bad dreams. But Hassie loved to go. Etta took her shopping on 125th Street, and once to the Apollo Theatre on amateur night. After that time Grammer nearly went crazy with Hassie posing and singing around the house, holding a dust mop like a microphone. Grammer had to lick her to put a stop to it finally. Yes, yes, when Hassie was old enough to light out, wouldn't she just go? And then who would Grammer have for her old age? "Hassie, don't leave me!" she said real

softly, and the cat jumped up in her lap again and purred. Grammer began to sob hard, letting all the wearisome long day melt out of her as tears. When she was through, she blew her nose on a paper napkin and fell asleep there in her chair with her mouth hanging open and the cat in her lap.

When she woke up, it was because she felt the cat jumping down and because she heard the kitchen screen closing, very, very soft. Grammer slept light and woke quick—in a flash she turned round and caught Hassie standing there, her Mary Janes scuffed, and the hem of her pretty dress torn.

"How'd you get out of your room?" snapped Grammer, jumping out of her chair so quick the crutch-handle stick clattered to the floor and the cat jumped up on the sink to be out of the way. "Well! Answer me! Where you been? Who said you could come out of your room?"

"I—" said Hassie, fingering the pin on her chest—"I just skinned down the rain pipe, Grammer. I thought you went out. I just wanted something to eat. It was so quiet. Please, Grammer—"

Now she was mad like she wanted to be. Her hands was shaking, but she felt strong. She grasped Hassie's shoulders, and, as she shook her, her eyes fell on the cheap, brassy brooch. "You!" she yelled, not caring if Mrs. Mabon could hear. "You and your fly mother and your cheap gems and your shiftless ways! I don't know how you come to be my kin, I swear I don't!" and she hit Hassie, first one side of the head and then the other.

"Grammer!" sobbed Hassie. "Stop it, Grammer! I don't know why you should lick me on my birthday!" And even now all the sassyness and fancy ways wasn't gone out of her. "I don't know why you should lick me on my birthday just because I made a slight faux pas!"

JAPANESE AMERICAN AUDIT—1948

"I'll give you fox paw!" yelled Grammer. Hassie put her hands up around her head, and for some reason this hiding position made Grammer double mad. She slammed Hassie where she could get at her—on the shoulder, on the ear.

"But Grammer, what'd I do that was so terrible, Grammer, what'd I do?" sobbed Hassie, backing up against the sink.

"You was born!" screamed Grammer, before she even knew herself what she was going to say. And all of a sudden, like Hassie had hit back at her—though the child hadn't moved—all the hours of this weary day, all the years of her

life came tumbling down on Grammer in a pile. She reached out and took hold of Hassie's shoulder so she wouldn't fall.

"Fetch me my stick," she said to Hassie in a little cracked voice she didn't know for her own. "He'p me over to the chair, chile, and hand me my cane."

Helen Eustis, whose short stories have appeared in a variety of publications, is the author of The Horizontal Man, a suspense novel which appeared a few years back.

The scratchboard drawing is by Oliver Harrington.

JAPANESE AMERICAN AUDIT—1948

ROBERT M. CULLUM

JAPANESE AMERICAN trend-spotting is not nearly so hazardous an occupation as it was a few years ago. The Japanese Americans who returned to their former homes on the West Coast appear to have the western itch as badly as any of the rest of the natives, a state of mind conditioned but not entirely explainable by climate. Those others, however, who settled in Denver, Chicago, Cleveland, or Washington are now under much less compulsion to defend Opportunity as found in their chosen location, and to explain their stubborn refusal to return to the western promised land. They are settling deeper, and there is more chance of a prediction outlasting the setting of type.

Times being what they are, most Japanese Americans are getting along very well. Employment levels continue to be higher than ever before; there is less

discrimination against them in employment: conditions of work and the ability to enter new fields are more nearly equal to those of other Americans than in any prewar year. Indeed, a great many Nisei in assessing the evacuation speak of it as a helpful catastrophe.

However, those who before the war were self-employed—produce dealers, most other businessmen, farmers who did not own land—have not yet made significant recovery, although the wages of many former businessmen may top their prewar business earnings. Since the large proportion of business property was in first-generation control before the war, it is this group which is least advanced now. But, on the whole, there is continuing economic progress.

A non-economic audit shows that during 1948 the group status of Japanese Americans has moved ahead with greater

strides than in any single year since the turn of the century, but that the most fundamental liability—denial of naturalization—has not yet been liquidated. Racial barriers to citizenship, in which most official discrimination, including that of evacuation, has had its roots, has long given official sanction to second-class legal and social treatment. Until this barrier is removed by Congress, ground won in the struggle toward an equal place in American life will always be in jeopardy.

A fair cross section of much that has happened to all Japanese Americans in the past decade found expression last fall in Salt Lake City, where the Japanese American Citizens League held its Tenth Biennial National Convention.

"The Japanese American come-back" was the official theme of this gathering. The citation of group gains over the past four years, and especially during the past year, left no doubt of progress. Yet even more striking was the attitude of the delegates and the attitudes of Salt Lake City people generally. It was impossible not to contrast with the less salubrious relocation days of 1943 and 1944 the unconcerned good humor of the Salt Lake City folk now, and the quiet self-assurance of the delegates as they gathered at the city's principal hotel, lunched at the vfw headquarters, or were received in the Governor's mansion.

If one were to chart Japanese American fortunes against a timetable, the lowest ebb would coincide with Christmas and New Year's of 1942, when evacuation was complete and the relocation centers apparent prisons. The turn came with activation of the Japanese American 442nd Combat Team early in 1943, but little progress could be seen until much later in that year when the Dies Committee failed to take the War Relo-

cation Authority out of civilian control. From mid-1943 until well into 1946, the principal problems were those of relocation—where to go, jobs, and housing, with the matter of public relations always in the background.

By 1947, both acceptance and economic problems concerned scattered individuals rather than the group. The most important general issues were of a legal nature, with solution to be found both in the courts and in the legislative process. Included were the questions of naturalization, restitution for evacuation losses, stay of deportation for Japanese nationals whose right to legal residence in this country was lost with abrogation of the Treaty of 1911 with Japan, the entry into the United States of Japanese war brides, and, in the courts, the alien land law, renunciation of citizenship, restrictive covenants, and the right of the Issei to fish in California waters.

As an organization, the Japanese American Citizens League (JACL) has had a major part in enactment of legislation in these matters, and the Salt Lake City Convention could rightfully celebrate major progress. Public Law 213, enacted July 22, 1947, permits Japanese war brides to enter the United States with their spouse, if marriage took place prior to or within 30 days of enactment of the law. Public Law 863, enacted July 1, 1948, placed "aliens ineligible to citizenship" on the same basis as other aliens in stay of deportation proceedings. This law is of particular benefit to the so-called Japanese Treaty merchants whose legal status in the United States was affected by abrogation of the Japanese Treaty of 1911. Public Law 886, enacted July 2, 1948, set up machinery in the Department of Justice to adjudicate claims arising from the evacuation from the West Coast, Hawaii, and Alaska of persons of Japanese

descent. Direct payment of approved claims up to \$2,500 may be made by the Department of Justice. Claims for larger amounts must go through the Court of Claims procedure, after Justice Department adjudication.

In the courts also, the JACR participated in the alien land law and fishing cases and filed a brief *Amicus Curiae* in the restrictive covenant cases. In the Oyama case, decided January 19, 1948, the United States Supreme Court ruled that a Nisei should not, by reason of his ancestry, be placed under more onerous conditions of proof of ownership than any other citizen. This decision did not, however, touch upon the constitutionality of the California Alien Land Law. Japanese aliens, being ineligible to citizenship, are still not permitted to own land under California law or the law of eleven other western states. In the Takahashi case, decided June 7, 1948, the United States Supreme Court ruled that an alien ineligible to citizenship might not, for that reason, be prohibited from securing a commercial fishing license in California. In the Renunciant case, decided April 29, 1948, Judge Louis E. Goodman of the Northern California Federal District Court ruled that renunciation of citizenship by 2,300 American-born persons of Japanese descent was made under duress and consequently void. Time for appeal of this case by the Government is not yet up, and the decision may not yet be considered final. In the Restrictive Covenant cases, decided May 3, 1948, by the United States Supreme Court, no Japanese Americans were directly involved. The decision, however, affects their ability to secure housing, since in many cities Orientals are included in the restrictive covenant clauses of real estate deeds. The march toward equality was later moved along on October 1, 1948, by a California Supreme Court decision

outlawing the state ban on mixed marriages.

Failure to secure passage in the 80th Congress of the Judd bill for equality in naturalization and immigration put a damper on the Convention's celebration, however. The Issei made no bones of the primacy of their desire for citizenship. The evidence is strong that the Japan they left thirty and forty years ago has lost its emotional hold. The defeat of Japan pierced the aura of sentiment which had existed before. The Issei realize, too, that life in Japan is intolerably hard, measured by the American standards they have learned to follow. More important, after being pushed out of the shelter of the relocation centers, the Issei, who thought themselves finally washed out in America after their evacuation, found they were wrong when they reached home; they have come to like it.

Now they want citizenship and equality with their children, want it badly. I have a letter which expresses a very general sentiment:

"I have been the resident of America since 1904. During these 44 years, I have reared two sons and three daughters. I have been able to support them with my own efforts without the assistance from any agent. One of my sons has served four years in the army. I am a nurseryman but I am unable to have my own office to conduct my own business.

"Is it any wonder that with all these conditions, I am sincerely anxious to become a naturalized citizen of America. I want to be a part of it. I want to be able to own my office. I want to live in a house which I could claim as my own. I would like to tell my children that I am an American like them. I would like to get up and voice my opinions, and exercise my rights as a citizen, and that I cannot do as an alien."

Compared with 1939 or 1940, a trial balance of Japanese American fortunes thus comes close to being even, but in terms of an equal start in American society there is still red ink. The special difficulties which the war produced are all but wiped out—the Oyama case drew the teeth of the 1943 amendments to the California Alien Land Law; the Takahashi case has put the Issei back on the sea; the passage of the claims bill will, in time, bring about partial restitution for evacuation losses; the deportation of Treaty merchants has been stayed; there is a good chance that those unfortunates who renounced their citizenship in the evil atmosphere of segregation may be able to regain their heritage. And, for the removal of the final primary discrimination—the racial bar to citizenship—there is real promise.

Lack of citizenship has been the prime root of discrimination against the Japanese in this country, the legal support for the alien land laws, the justification of prejudice codified into law, and the basis upon which honest men could keep their minds closed and justify their easy prejudices. The Issei are right that this is their primary issue. Those other Americans who have an interest in "integration," in the full participation of this group in American life, can make no more fundamental contribution than toward passage of legislation for equality in naturalization and immigration, such as that introduced by Dr. Judd in the last session of Congress. The Judd bill secured the approval of the tough Subcommittee on Immigration and Naturalization of the House Judiciary Committee in the 80th Congress, and a similar measure will be reintroduced in the 81st Congress, where it may be hoped that its progress, on the record already built, will be rapid.

II

These are the trends, and they are hopeful. Compared with Japanese American status in 1942 and 1943, there is a touch of the miraculous. It is worth while, I believe, to examine the elements which lie at the base of this dramatic change of status.

The first and most basic is found in the nature of American aspirations.

At the very core of the civilization in which we live is a belief in the dignity of man and in man's right to perfect himself according to his own lights. The fact that in too many cases the belief in man's dignity is honored in the breach does not mean that this greatest of all ideas about mankind is not firmly at the center of American life.

One may go a step farther. In an open and dynamic society such as ours, individual acts of prejudice and discrimination are not so important as the fact that there is opportunity for the enlightened and the courageous to stand up and do something about prejudice and discrimination. As long as the voices of honest men can be heard, no worth-while cause is lost. This is one difference between our society and one in which thought is not free. In America, we have no "official biology," no "official politics."

In every society, of course, there are men and women who love power for its own sake, as well as those whose primary concern is for human values. This is true, too, in America. Some years ago, Pearl Buck told of a young soldier returning from Germany after the war who said he thought that Hitler Germany must have been about the way America would have been had we put our gangsters in positions of authority and our good people in jail instead. This may be oversimplified, but it contains essential truth.

Americans don't like to be played for a sucker, especially where their deepest beliefs are concerned. Discrimination, arising from prejudice, cannot long endure without the support of honest people. Men of evil mind may begin a campaign to foster prejudice and bring about discrimination, but they cannot keep it going unless they convince those of honest mind that they are right. These, the rank and file of Americans, tend to mind their own business. Of an evening one is more likely to find them at home listening to the radio or at a movie than at a political meeting. Of a weekend, they are more apt to be in church or on the golf links than participating in a round-table discussion. They are slow to be aroused, but when their sense of justice is outraged and they have sound information on which to act, they find, reluctantly, that they can't sit back and take it easy, and they provide a force that cannot be denied.

This, the genius of America, had had direct application to the improving fortunes of Japanese Americans.

Evacuation cracked the West Coast monopoly on setting national attitudes toward Japanese Americans. Their loyalty on the battlefield, their performance in factory and office in wartime, broke the old myths about the kind of people they were and are. Americans of other backgrounds found they had been played for suckers, and they didn't like it.

It is accurate, I believe, to say that the great majority of Americans do not presume to judge the military issue of the evacuation, but they have come to believe the results harsh, and they do believe Americans of Japanese descent are loyal and very decent people. As I travel about the country, I sense a profound disquiet in the minds of thoughtful people concerning evacuation. This is the stuff out of which community sup-

port for Japanese Americans grew and overwhelmed those of narrow mind and interest. Out of this informed concern came ultimately support in Congress.

The second element which has carried Japanese Americans forward lies in their capacity as people.

There is no more corrosive acid than self-pity, and this they largely escaped. They met adversity with dignity and courage. Many thoughtful people believed it wrong to call upon the Nisei for military service while they were held in relocation centers, but the Nisei met this issue head on by a demand that they, too, be permitted to serve, and they served up to the hilt. Somehow, out of the very denial of the American ideal, they distilled a means to demonstrate devotion to a great idea. They remembered and kept the faith when many of their compatriots forgot.

Upon leaving relocation centers, Japanese Americans scattered over the country and made contact with new neighbors. They told their story quietly, without embellishment, leaving the raucous voices to others. New neighbors believed them, gained confidence in them, began to wonder how anything like evacuation could have happened. They became concerned and ready to go to bat for the group.

Not that every Japanese American wears a halo. This is no more true of this group than of any other. What is true is that the Nisei and their Issei parents, on close inspection, turned out to be people, fine people. Under terrific pressure, they demonstrated their right to be called American with no modifying adjectives or hyphens. The ground-swell of goodwill resulted.

The third element going into improved status, and particularly toward the development of Congressional support, has been the ability of Japanese Americans

to provide a clear channel for presentation of their case.

From the wartime low of less than 2,000 members with a handful of chapters, the Japanese American Citizens League and its affiliated Anti-Discrimination Committee, has come back to more than seventy chapters and a membership ranging toward 10,000. Through the JACL-ADC there has been provided the organized means of bringing the great credit stored up through the war years to bear on legislative problems.

As a people, Americans generally have no use for those who sit back and allow others to do their battles. Self-reliance and self-help are virtues we recognize. Without question, the ability of Japanese Americans to help themselves has brought them added support.

Credit is of little value if it is not used effectively. In terms of legislation the focal point has been Washington. Here the JACL-ADC has been fortunate in having a man of exceptional talent in Mike Masaoka, their legislative director. Lobbyist extraordinary, Mike has succeeded through patient effort in gaining the confidence of key figures on both sides of Capitol Hill. One of five brothers in the Army, Mike clearly represents the legend of Japanese American wartime accomplishment to many Congressmen. You can't push such a legend, or its bearer, into a corner. Resourceful and persevering, he almost singlehandedly guided the evacuation claims bill through the thoroughly disorganized adjournment maze at the end of the regular session of the 80th Congress.

There is an important relationship between the several measures with which he has been concerned, a relationship he has exploited to the full. The hearings on the soldiers' brides bill, on the stay of deportation and claims bills, have each deposited in the minds of thoughtful

Congressmen some knowledge concerning the problems of all Japanese Americans. No social measure can be carried through without the help of such men. By the time the Judd bill for equality in naturalization was ready, the way was open. Key men in Congress, both Democrat and Republican, had become informed, concerned, and ready to act. When it came time for the hearing on the bill, it was most friendly. This attitude may be expected to carry over to the 81st Congress. More than 95 per cent of the permanent resident aliens who would have become eligible for citizenship under the Judd bill are of Japanese origin. Goodwill toward Japanese Americans generally, and specifically toward their representative in Washington, is of vital importance to the progress of this legislation. And, as I have stressed earlier, this issue of naturalization is crucial to the continued progress of Japanese American fortunes in the United States.

From pariah to their present standing in six years is a long jump. For four of these years, the current has been running strongly toward equality of opportunity. From all present indications, this trend will continue.

Robert M. Cullum served throughout the life of the WRA as Area Supervisor, resettling Japanese Americans in a number of states. Later he directed the Department of the Interior study of the evacuated people and prepared the final report in the WRA documentary series, "People in Motion," a summary of which appeared in the Autumn 1947 CG. The past year he has served as secretary and legislative agent in Washington for the Committee for Equality in Naturalization, an independent national group dedicated to the elimination of racial barriers to naturalized citizenship.

• Round-Up •

CONDUCTED BY CAREY MCWILLIAMS

OF THE last quarter's pamphlets that have come my way, perhaps the most important is one that arrived from England: "Mosley? No!" by Tom Driberg (copies can be obtained from W. H. Allen & Co. Ltd., 43, Essex Street, London, W. C. 2). A Labor Member of Parliament, Driberg gives a circumstantial account of Mosley's movement in England—pre-war, during the war, and its current revival—and shrewdly analyzes the tricks and techniques of fascist agitation. His detailed description of the famous meeting at Olympia on June 7, 1934, is one of the best brief clinical accounts of the form, content, and strategy of fascist mass meetings with which I am familiar. "Fascism in action," writes Driberg, "is the epitome of mental confusion and physical cruelty."

Driberg's analysis of the problem of coping with fascist agitation in a democracy is remarkable for its courage and candor. For example, he is quick to emphasize that the parallel between fascism and communism is nowadays grossly oversimplified—a point that is almost wholly ignored at the present time. A political realist, Driberg insists upon talking about fascism, not communism. While recognizing the dangers implicit in any attempt to curb fascist agitation and urging the utmost caution in any such undertaking, he makes several points which democrats will do well to ponder.

First of all, he insists that it is the duty of a democratic government not merely to deal with the fascist assault when it comes, but to forestall such an assault. To this end, fascists must never be permitted to hold the initiative. There is a familiar pattern to fascist agitation in democratic nations which might be described as follows: the fascists hold a pro-

vocative mass meeting; the communists promptly conduct mass counter-demonstrations which often result in violence; while the democrats, caught off-guard, accept the thesis that the communists' counter-demonstrations "incited" the riot. Driberg rightly insists that this conclusion is both confused and misleading: the real incitement was caused by the fascists' determination to hold the meeting. Hence the initial error of government, in such matters, consists in having permitted the fascists to seize the initiative.

When we talk about various "freedoms," writes Driberg, such as freedom of press, speech, and assembly, we must not forget that there is another freedom to be considered, namely, the right of minorities to be free from intolerable affront and defamation. As in other cases where various "rights" and "freedoms" collide, the resolution of the dilemma is not to be found in an insistence upon the paramountcy of certain abstract "rights" but in a realistic balancing of rights in terms of the public interest and the safety of the democratic state. The English experience in dealing with fascist agitation should be carefully followed in this country for it is quite likely that the British will soon be forced to abandon their laissez-faire attitude. A great deal of evidence supports Driberg's contention that anti-Semitism is on the increase in Great Britain (see, for example, the issue of Reynolds News, September 12, 1948, p. 3).

On July 26, 1948, President Truman issued Executive Order No. 9981 establishing the Committee on Equality of Treatment and Opportunity in the Armed Services. For the guidance of this committee, the Army released on Septem-

ber 3 a report by James C. Evans, Civilian Aide to the Secretary of the Army, entitled "The Negro in the Army: Policy and Practice" (copies can be obtained from the Press Section, Department of the Army, Washington, D.C.). The report is a valuable document, for it summarizes a mass of data, describes what the Army is doing to integrate Negroes in the service, and discusses the evolution of Army policy in relation to the Negro.

Although Negroes have served in units of the Army since Colonial times, official policy was first declared by an act of Congress in 1867 which provided for two regiments of Negro infantry and two regiments of Negro cavalry, to be made up of enlisted men, as part of the standing peacetime force. There the policy issue rested, with some minor modifications, until the Gillem Report was issued in October 1945. The Gillem Report defines the present policy of the Army which is: that one-tenth of Army strength shall be Negro; that Negro units will be trained in a wider variety of combat and non-combat units than in the past; that Negro units will be gradually reduced in size; that groupings of white and Negro units in composition organizations will be encouraged; and that Negro officers will replace white officers in Negro units as rapidly as possible. In essence, this might be described as a "proportional policy." But, for some reason even the proper proportions are lacking: on May 31, 1948, Negroes made up 11.15 per cent of total Army personnel but the Negro officer strength was only 1.32 per cent of total Army officer strength.

An analysis of the President's latest executive order, prepared by the American Jewish Congress (August 3, 1948) points up its weaknesses. The order, according to this report, is not "likely to effect any immediate substantial change in present discriminatory practices in the armed services." For one thing, the execu-

tive order fails to direct an end to the policy of racial segregation. As long as we adhere to a so-called "proportional" policy, discrimination will be inevitable. The proportional policy, like its civilian counterpart, the "separate but equal" theory, necessarily makes for discrimination. The President's failure to direct an end to segregation is only made the more embarrassing by the fact that two earlier committees of his appointment, the Committee on Universal Military Training and the Committee on Civil Rights, both recommended the abolition of segregation. It should be noted, finally, that this latest committee was given only the power to make recommendations.

An article by Felix S. Cohen in Commentary (August 1948) on "Alaska's Nuremberg Laws" merits the widest attention both for what it has to report and also for its discussion of certain theoretical issues. Cohen gives a painful account of how it was that at 2 a.m. of August 8th, 1947, the Tongass Act was sneaked through Congress, expropriating important Indian holdings in Alaska. Unfortunately the Tongass Act is merely one of a number of measures, either enacted or pending with excellent chance of enactment, by which the rights of Alaskan Indians are being encroached upon.

More is involved, however, than the well-being of the Indians of Alaska. Cohen calls our failure to settle the territory "the great fiasco of American history." Sweden, Norway, and Finland combined, lying in the same latitude as Alaska, enjoying approximately the same range of climatic conditions and about the same mineral, agricultural, forest and wildlife resources, although with a somewhat smaller area, maintain a population of 13 million at a high level of health and comfort. By comparison Alaska supports a population of about 90,000 of which nearly half is made up of Indians,

Eskimos, and Aleuts. Alaska could be another Scandinavia were it not for a colonial policy which, in the thirty-five years before World War II, took exports from the territory which exceeded imports by 88 per cent or a total of 959 million dollars. The best permanent settlers we have in Alaska, namely the Indians, are nowadays being harassed on all sides by timber, mining, and fishing interests. In October 1947, a school teacher at Barrow reported that of 30 children between the ages of 5 and 6 who had enrolled in her school only 6 lived to finish; a majority of the deaths were reported "due to tuberculosis."

It is Cohen's contention that for four centuries Indians have served as "the guinea pigs" for new forms of racial discrimination in American life. Techniques of maltreatment and exploitation developed in the New World in relation to Indians were taken back to Europe and used against the citizens of the exploiting colonial powers. Modes of torture and destruction perfected in South America "racked the body and soul of Spain." Military and economic dictatorships, originally designed to hold the Indians in subjection, continue to enslave "white" men in Latin American countries to this day. Forms of racial aggression developed in California to exploit Indians were later used to harass the Chinese and, still later, the Japanese. "Experts in violence," writes Cohen, "do not usually retire when a war has been won." While the forms of discrimination vary, they have one common aspect: "irritation at the sight of those whom we have wronged." The tycoons of Alaska, as Cohen notes, are not motivated by racial prejudice; racial prejudice merely masks their determination to maintain "a grip on something that they don't want to let go."

From this record, Cohen concludes that although racial discrimination has seldom destroyed its intended victims, it has al-

most always destroyed the society in which it has flourished. Hence the treatment of minorities in America has "always been the best index of our liberal civilization." Any upsurge of racial intolerance will threaten American prosperity and inventiveness no less than American "freedom." Advances in commerce and inventions in science have usually begun as unorthodox ideas and have flourished, when they have flourished, because it was possible for them to survive in an atmosphere of freedom. In the end, the American people have not profited by the exploitation of Alaskan resources and Alaskan native peoples; on the contrary, these twin exploitations have prevented the settlement of a rich territory and represent a catastrophic economic setback.

Felix Cohen is outstanding among writers on minority problems for his consistent appreciation of, and his insistence upon, the relationship between "freedom" and "prosperity"; and the correlation between the treatment of minorities and the expansion and contraction of other forms of "freedom."

The current issue of *Human Relations* (Vol. I No. 3, Research Center for Group Dynamics, Ann Arbor, Michigan) contains an extremely interesting account by Else Frenkel-Brunswik of the research project on undemocratic opinions and attitudes in children at the Institute of Child Welfare of the University of California. In the course of this research, about 1,500 boys and girls of varied socioeconomic backgrounds, ages 11 to 16, have been carefully interviewed and studied. From this larger group, two extreme types have been selected for further study and investigation, the 120 youngsters found to be either extremely prejudiced or exceptionally unprejudiced. Once selected out of the larger sample, these two types have been compared and their parents have been visited and interviewed.

The current report deals with the contrast between these two types.

Even at these age levels, the attitudes and reactions of children about men and society seem to form a more or less consistent pattern. While space limitations do not permit a detailed comparison of the conflicting attitudes of the two extreme types, the following summary of the attitudes of the ethnocentric group, that is, the most prejudiced children in the sample, will indicate the nature of the conclusions reached. Ethnocentric children are more concerned with things that affect their immediate welfare than with far-reaching social goals. They are characterized by a naive and selfish acceptance of the ingroup and by a tendency to reject all that is weak or different. They tend, also, to conceive of the other sex as an outgroup and to possess exaggerated conceptions of masculinity and femininity. Their resentment of the weak is coupled with an intense admiration of the strong and the tough and a great respect for the power of money. Superficially submissive to and often expressing an idealized conception of their parents, they nevertheless seem to hold an underlying resentment of parental authority. (It is suggested that this resentment is frequently displaced and projected against socially inferior and unlike groups.) More concerned with social status than the least prejudiced group, they are impressed by externalized values, such as cleanliness, politeness, and the like. Along with great stress on conformity to external values, they show a marked intolerance of ambiguities and an almost total incapacity to deal with ambiguous situations. Behind a rigid façade of conformity there seems to lurk an underlying fascination with thoughts of chaos and destruction. On the whole, they are far more conforming, far less flexible, than the least prejudiced group.

It has been found that the parents of

these ethnocentric children often occupy socially marginal positions. The more dissatisfied the parents are with their position in society, the more they wish to belong to some privileged group. This makes, apparently, for the development of a kind of collective ego which is quite different from a genuine group identification. From parents of this sort, the ethnocentric children tend to acquire or to learn the authoritarian and hierarchial way of thinking. "The pressure to conform to parental authority and its externalized social values makes it impossible for the child to integrate or express his instinctual and hostile tendencies . . . this lack of integration makes for a narrow and rigid personality." It is important to note that only a very slight negative correlation has been found to exist between intelligence per se and the existence of prejudiced attitudes.

From this preliminary study, Dr. Frenkel-Brunswik concludes that "the most important problem seems to be the child's attitude toward authority. . . . Forced submission to authority produces only surface conformity countermanded by violent underlying destructiveness, dangerous to the very society to which there seems to be conformity. Only a frightened and frustrated child will tend to gain safety and security by over-simplified black-white schematizations and categorizations on the basis of crude, external characteristics. Deliberately planned democratic participation in school and family, individualized approach to the child, and the right proportion of permissiveness and guidance may be instrumental in bringing about the attitude necessary for a genuine identification with society and for international understanding."

However one may interpret these interim findings, it is apparent that the research project on which this article is based is one of the most important now being conducted. A detailed report on

the entire project, by T. W. Adorno, E. Frenkel-Brunswik, D. J. Levinson, and R. N. Sanford, is scheduled for early publication.

The Anti-Defamation League has just issued the first of a series of pamphlets dealing with various aspects of human relations and primarily aimed at leadership groups. The initial pamphlet, "The Responsibility Is Ours," has been prepared by Bonaro W. Overstreet and has to do with the individual and human relations. (These Freedom Pamphlets sell for 20 cents and can be obtained from the Anti-Defamation League, 212 5th Avenue, New York 10.) Mrs. Overstreet has written a pleasant, lucid, informed essay defining the individual's responsibility for better human relations and suggesting how this responsibility can be most effectively discharged and by what means. The pamphlet should be useful to organizations forever being asked: "What can I do, as an individual, about matters of this kind?" Mrs. Overstreet is a good counselor on such problems, and the advice which she has to offer is excellent. But I am somewhat puzzled about the general effect which this well-organized and well-written pamphlet is likely to produce. After pointing out that "the person full of contradictions is not without influence," Mrs. Overstreet adds (p. 19): "we might almost say that our present society is made in his image." This is tantamount to saying that we have social and economic contradictions in society because we have too many people who are ridden by personal contradictions. I would like to have Thorstein Veblen's appraisal of this as social theory. It is certainly to be doubted that social and economic contradictions represent merely the sum-total of the individual contradictions to be found in society. In discussing the "compartmentalizing" of modern life, Mrs. Overstreet refers to the business-

man who is a kind husband and father but who lets no scruples prevent his ruining a competitor who also has a wife and children. But a duality of this kind, all too familiar in modern society, surely represents something more than a quirk in the character of the individual: it is a form of behavior which has been profoundly influenced by social institutions. Perhaps later pamphlets in the series will have something to say about the manner in which social institutions influence individual behavior.

Robert Pick, a refugee novelist, has an interesting article in the September, 1948, issue of *Commentary*: "A Refugee Looks at Anti-Semitism Here." It is indeed strange that we have not had more articles by refugees comparing the nature and extent of anti-Semitism here with the pre-war European variety. Mr. Pick's article is one of the few comparisons of this kind to be made by a refugee, and its conclusions are, therefore, both interesting and significant.

Essentially the following points of difference between anti-Semitism here and in Europe are noted: 1. anti-Semitism in this country is less likely to be encouraged "from above"; 2. political anti-Semitism is not considered respectable in America, as witness its absence from official pronouncements; 3. there is a noticeable absence here of the "administrative anti-Semitism" which stemmed from the dissatisfied hereditary bureaucratic castes in Europe; 4. there is a relative absence of anti-Semitic innuendos in American speech; 5. social discrimination, of an inflexible, formal, and formalistically enforced variety is more common here than in Europe.

On this last point, Mr. Pick notes that social discrimination is relatively absent in the world of American letters, music, and the arts but that it is intimately allied with the attempt to protect the

prerogatives of vested economic power (i.e. power independent of individual talent or capacity). To the refugee, social discrimination is "a serious and ominous phenomenon" which resident Jews tend to ignore (a) because they take it for granted as something intrinsic to American individualism; and (b) because they did not have to struggle for civil equality in this country. Mr. Pick is also impressed by the way in which everything "social," including social segregation, is invested with economic and occupational importance in America. He is also concerned by the way in which other "white" ethnic groups have become "assimilated" or "integrated" with the third generation, leaving the Jews as "the only sizable white minority in a country whose ethnic plurality—aside from Negro-white—will be narrowed down to a Gentile-Jewish duality."

With this analysis I am in more or less complete agreement, all the more so, perhaps, because it follows in almost precise detail a similar analysis which I attempted in *A Mask for Privilege*. At one or two points, however, it might be useful to compare notes. While it is true that there has been little official anti-Semitism in this country, it hardly follows that anti-Semitism has not been encouraged "from above." The difference lies in the fact that, in this country, the "above" relates to the social and economic elite and not to the government bureaucracy as such. It can scarcely be denied that our social and economic elite have encouraged anti-Semitism if only by their insistence on social discrimination. The absence of "administrative anti-Semitism" of the European variety is an excellent point and one that deserves the emphasis

which Mr. Pick gives it. But, again, it does not follow that because there is little "official" anti-Semitism in America that "political" anti-Semitism is negligible. If Mr. Pick will read the debate in the Congressional Record of June 10, 1948, on the displaced persons bill, I think he will be hard pressed to deny the reality of political anti-Semitism in America (see also Harry Bernstein's interesting analysis of this debate in the *Southern Jewish Outlook*, September, 1948, p. 8). Even "administrative anti-Semitism" is not wholly absent in this country, as a study of the behavior of American consular officials will indicate. The reason for its comparative absence is to be found in the fact that administrative offices are not hereditary with us; that most officials in this country must stand for election; and that appointive offices are less common than in prewar Europe. To the extent that Americans, and particularly American Jews, can be induced to recognize these differences between American and European anti-Semitism, the more effective can the fight against our particular variety of this ancient disease become. Mr. Pick's article is an important contribution to this understanding.

To the readers of *COMMON GROUND* I would like to recommend, with the utmost enthusiasm, Chapter III, "Henry Adams' Norman Ancestors," which appears in *American Historians and European Immigrants* by Dr. Edward N. Saveth, just published by the Columbia University Press. You will find the volume of the greatest interest but this particular chapter, I suspect, will prove to be a shocking revelation.

• The Pursuit of Liberty •

CONDUCTED BY MILTON R. KONVITZ

LAW RESTRICTING TEACHING OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES HELD UNCONSTITUTIONAL

IN 1943 the Hawaiian Legislature enacted a law entitled "An Act Regulating the Teaching of Foreign Languages to Children." The law provided that no child shall be taught a foreign language in any school unless he shall comply with one of the following requirements: (a) that he shall have passed the fourth grade in public school or its equivalent, and shall pass from time to time in each succeeding grade a standard test in English composition and reading conducted by or under the direction of the Department of Public Instruction, and shall attain a score not lower than normal for his grade; or (b) that he shall have passed the eighth grade in public school or its equivalent; or (c) that he shall have attained the age of 15 years. The law also defined the term "school" as used in the statute. It was provided that the term shall mean any person or organization or institution "which teaches, with or without fees, compensation or other charges therefor, any language other than the English language, as a course of study, to two or more persons as a group, as a regular and customary practice."

Two Hawaiian citizens of Chinese ancestry sought an injunction in the Federal district court to restrain the enforcement of the act, so that they might be permitted to teach their children the Chinese language without the restrictions imposed by the statute. A Hawaiian citizen who was a teacher of the Chinese language, and three Hawaiian organizations chartered to teach the Chinese language, also sought injunctions (*Mo Hock Ke Lok Po v. Stainback*, 74 F. Supp.

852, Dist. C., Hawaii, October 22, 1947).

The court considered some jurisdictional aspects of the suit, which do not concern us here. For the purposes of this department it is important to note that the court held that parents have the right under the due process clause in the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments to have their children taught foreign languages. This, said the court, is a fundamental right. The statute showed on its face, said the court, an invalid deprivation of the fundamental constitutional right of Hawaiian children to acquire a foreign language.

As construed by the court, the statute seemed to provide that no parent may have his child taught a foreign language before he has attended any public school and thereafter up to ten years of age at least, since the child is compelled to begin to attend school at the age of six.

As construed by the court, the act would apply "to a religious Chinese descended mother having an educated cousin teach two of her children in her home the truths of Confucius, even orally, explaining the words of that spiritual guide in the language in which they were spoken and are recorded."

The court quoted the following passage from the dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice Harlan in the *Berea College* case: "The capacity to impart instruction to others is given by the Almighty for beneficent purposes and its use may not be forbidden or interfered with by government—certainly not, unless such instruction is, in its nature, harmful to the public morals or imperils the public safety.

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The right to impart instruction, harmless in itself or beneficial to those who receive it, is a substantial right of property, especially where the services are rendered for compensation. But, even if such right be not strictly a property right, it is, beyond question, part of one's liberty as guaranteed against hostile state action by the Constitution of the United States. This court has more than once said that the liberty guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment embraces 'the right of the citizen to be free in the enjoyment of all his faculties,' and 'to be free to use them in all lawful ways. . . . If pupils, of whatever race—certainly, if they be citizens—choose with the consent of their parents or voluntarily to sit together in a private institution of learning while receiving instruction which is not in its nature harmful or dangerous to the public, no government, whether federal or state, can legally forbid their coming together, or being together temporarily for such an innocent purpose!'"

It is interesting to note that the Hawaiian Legislature, in adopting the act, said in its declaration of legislative findings that "the study and persistent use of foreign languages by children of average intelligence in their early and formative years definitely detract from their ability properly to understand and assimilate their normal studies in the English language, which are required by law to be pursued by all children of school age, and definitely retard their progress in understanding and assimilating such studies; that the study and persistent use of such foreign languages in such early and formative years may and do, in many cases, cause serious emotional disturbances, conflicts and maladjustments; that the teaching of foreign languages compels and encourages the study and persistent use of such foreign languages, to the detriment, as aforesaid, of children in their early

and formative years; that it is to the best interest, and will best promote the health and welfare, of children of tender age that such foreign language studies not be undertaken until each child shall have completed and passed at least the fourth grade or shall have attained the age of nine years, unless such child is earlier able to speak, write and read the English language and has attained a test score of at least 5.0 on standard tests in composition and in reading; and that the teaching and study of foreign language to and including the eighth grade or the age of fifteen years should be regulated in the public interest to avoid the detrimental results herein set forth to which end each of the provisions of this chapter are enacted."

In the light of this declaration of legislative findings, the court said that the provision of the statute seemed to prohibit the teaching of even Latin or Greek to the children of the age and scholastic standing it sought to affect.

Certainly, said the court, the act with its findings and prohibitory provisions shows on its face the denial of the right to acquire a foreign language to nearly half of Hawaiian children who are not of more than "average intelligence." Perhaps a statute could have been framed in which pedagogical standards might be created by which children of average and less than average intelligence could be segregated from the others and a prohibitory restriction applied to them. But the statute as it was adopted by the Hawaiian Legislature imposed a great handicap on the brighter children; if nothing more, the statute deprived children of above average intelligence of their constitutional right.

The decision is of special interest in view of the fact that it was made by a court consisting of three federal judges. The decision of the court is in line with

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the decisions of the United States Supreme Court in *Meyer v. Nebraska*, 1923, *Bartels v. Iowa*, 1923, and *Farrington v. Tokushige*, 1926. In *Meyer v. Nebraska* Mr. Justice McReynolds said for the United States Supreme Court: "That the state may do much, go very far, indeed, in order to improve the quality of its citizens, physically, mentally and morally, is clear; but the individual has certain fundamental rights which must be respected. The protection of the Constitution extends to all, to those who speak other languages as well as to those born with English on the tongue. Perhaps it would be highly advantageous if all had ready understanding of our ordinary speech, but this cannot be coerced by methods which conflict with the Constitution—a desirable end cannot be promoted by prohibited means. . . . The desire of the Legislature to foster a homogeneous people with American ideals prepared readily to understand current discussions of civic matters is easy to appreciate. . . . But the means adopted, we think, exceed the limitations upon the power of the state and conflict with rights. . . . The interference is plain enough and no adequate reason therefor

in time of peace and domestic tranquility has been shown. . . . No emergency has arisen which renders knowledge by a child of some language other than English so clearly harmful as to justify its inhibition with the consequent infringement of rights long freely enjoyed."

Before Pearl Harbor there were in Hawaii large schools teaching the Chinese and Japanese languages in the afternoon, after the regular schools had adjourned—a pattern followed in the continental United States by the Jewish schools known as Talmud Torahs. It was these language schools that the act was intended to reach. During the war the schools ceased teaching; the Japanese schools apparently have been permanently abandoned, and their buildings have been voluntarily turned over to the government or charitable organizations; but the Chinese schools sought to resume their teaching programs. The Legislature may still attempt to frame an act that will limit the right to teach foreign languages to children of above-normal intelligence. Should such an act be adopted, another case will need to be brought to test its constitutionality.

• The Common Council at Work •

WHAT ARE THE PRINCIPAL MISCONCEPTIONS in Europe regarding the United States? Believing that more specific information on this question is necessary if we are to protect the United States and the democratic cause against hostile propaganda and help the millions of Americans who have relatives and friends abroad combat such misinformation, the Common Council has drawn up and distributed 10,000 copies of a question-

naire regarding the principal beliefs in Europe about the United States. The 45 questions in the questionnaire are designed to find out what people in the different countries of Europe think regarding such subjects as the Marshall Plan, American foreign policy, the "East vs. West" controversy, the U.S. Government, American big business, labor, freedom of the press, the American people. Copies of the questionnaire are being filled out by foreign

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correspondents, foreign-language editors, foreign students in this country, and other qualified observers both here and abroad. The results of the study not only will provide a basis for developing the Council's own educational program, but will be made available to other groups interested in this all-important question. The State Department is among those who have expressed interest in seeing the results of the questionnaire.

INTERGROUP UNDERSTANDING is one of the themes which the Common Council continues to underline in its releases to the foreign-language press. "It makes no difference from what land you came, nor what church you go to, nor what is the color of your skin; people of your background have helped make America what it is today," said Judge Charles Wyzanski in a naturalization ceremony which formed the subject of a recent Council release. "Your neighbor may have come from a different land and may go to a different church and may have a different color skin. But remember people of his background have also helped make America what it is today. And your first duty as American citizens is to be understanding, and neighborly, and tolerant. But you have other duties now that you are American citizens. . . . You are truly a part of a society in which the government is not only of the people, but by the people and for the people, and you are part of the people by whom this country is now to be governed. . . . In a democracy the people in their day-to-day efforts contribute to the morale of the country. Upon you therefore rests a great responsibility."

Other recent releases include: "The Development of the Two-Party System," "The Presidential Electors," "Telling America's Story Abroad," "Three Years of the United Nations," "Food for the

World's Hungry Children," "Labor's Role in the Marshall Plan," "Main Points of the Act Admitting Displaced Persons to the United States," "Preliminary Regulations Governing Sponsorship of Displaced Persons," "A History of Labor in America" (a series), "Washington Monument Centennial," "Remaking a Farm in One Working Day," "The Council-Manager Plan of City Government," "Women in American Political Life," "The Struggle for Religious Liberty in America."

The Council's press releases go once a week in 19 languages to approximately 900 newspapers.

AMONG THOSE recently requesting the co-operation of the Council was the Division of Human Rights of the United Nations, which is in the process of preparing a study for the use of the Subcommittee on the Prevention of Discrimination and the Protection of Minorities. The UN Economic and Social Council requested that studies be made to determine "the main types of discrimination which impede the equal enjoyment by all of human rights and fundamental freedoms and the causes of such discrimination." A preliminary outline of this study was the subject of discussion by members of the UN staff and experts assembled by the Council.

THE DARK-EYED YOUNG WOMAN with the ready smile waited in the Council office. She had come to this country in 1947 as the fiancée of a GI. Born in Russia, a citizen of Greece, she had met her soldier in Germany where her mother, a Latvian, still remained. Now, barely a year later, she was married and, as Mrs. K—, the proud possessor of a five-room apartment in the Bronx. Between her secretarial job and her husband's position as a mechanic the K's were earning

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over a hundred dollars a week. Her clothes were modish, a serviceable rendition of the New Look. She had come to the Common Council office, she explained in a barely lingering accent, because she was anxious to bring her mother over from Germany under the newly passed Dr. Law. She had been told by the International Refugee Organization that the Council could help her fill out the necessary documents. The Council could.

The document in question is the affidavit which must be signed by every person sponsoring an admission to the United States under the Displaced Persons Act of 1948. Its chief provisions are three: 1) that if admitted to the United States "the principal applicant will be employed at not less than the prevailing rate of wages for like activity in the community where said employment will be pursued, and that said activity will not displace some other person from employment" (Mrs. K. planned to employ her mother as housekeeper in her own home); 2) that "the principal applicant and members of his family shall not become public charges"; 3) that "the principal applicant and members of his family will have safe and sanitary housing without displacing some other person from such housing." (Mrs. K's roomy apartment contained a private room for her mother.)

With the first boatload of Dr's arriving in late October, the individual service division of the Common Council found its fall schedule busy with such applications. These, however, were only a part of the day-to-day activity of this department which advises—in interviews, letters, and telephone calls—literally

hundreds of men and women every month who come with immigration and naturalization problems. Some require merely the answer to a question or the filling out of an application. Others, however, involve counsel and negotiations extending over several years.

Such is the case, for instance, of Edgar F—, a young Swedish sailor who jumped ship in one of our ports some years ago. Later he married an American girl. When their first child was born he was anxious to become a citizen, but in order to do so he had first to establish a legal entry into the country. He turned to the Council for help. After several years of applications, files, and hearings, he was able to go to Canada, procure a visa, and re-enter legally. "At last I am full-fledged," he wrote the Council jubilantly a few weeks ago, after taking his oath of allegiance. "I am thrilled and very happy to have my papers. They are worth all the difficulties of the last ten years. Without your help I should never have overcome them. Thank you again for all you did."

THE COUNCIL'S EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, Read Lewis, and the editor of its Interpreter Releases, Frank L. Auerbach, were among the witnesses at the hearings which have been in progress since last July before the Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Immigration and Naturalization. Mr. Lewis and Mr. Auerbach testified at length on many aspects of America's immigration policy. How the defeat in the November elections of Senator Revercomb, Chairman, and prime instigator, of the Subcommittee, will affect its work and findings, it is too early to say.

H.I.P.

• The Bookshelf •

PATTERNS OF SURVIVAL

REVIEWS BY HENRY C. TRACY

ROAD TO SURVIVAL. By William Vogt. New York: William Sloane. 335 pp. \$4

Mr. Vogt's book has received—and deserved—wide publicity as a warning on the results of worldwide waste of natural resources. The facts have never before been presented with such cumulative force nor ever before been so driven home as the concern of every citizen, no matter what his status or occupation. The book is a survey of five continents, all in a state of ecological unhealth, from the spreading effects of which all are beginning to suffer, and from which the Americas, more favored than most, can hope for only short-time respite. As Chief of the Conservation Section of the Pan-American Union and as a field worker in the Office of Inter-American Affairs, Mr. Vogt draws on close knowledge of the entire Hemisphere for the points he demonstrates. Tireless researches on overpopulated countries overseas give him a world view leading to his conclusion that “mankind has backed itself into an ecological trap . . . has been living on promissory notes. . . . Now, all over the world, the notes are falling due.” Chapter 12 outlines the means by which we may extricate ourselves from the trap, pay the notes, and survive as a sane and civilized race.

Frederick Watkins in *The Political Tradition of the West* (Harvard University Press. \$5) identifies modern liberalism with the Western tradition. He holds that the clash of world forces today is not primarily that of two opposed economic systems in conflict but arises

from two irreconcilable views of human rights and liberties. He undertakes to define and clarify the meaning of “liberal” in its historic context, taking account of thought movements from Grecian ideals through their eclipse in the Middle Ages, their rebirth in the Renaissance and the Enlightenment, their remolding under the impact of industrialism and the rise of the proletariat, up to the crushing pressures of internal and international problems today. His analysis is keen and, within the frame of historical reference, satisfying. The space given to discussion of staggering problems now confronted by liberalism in conflict with what he aptly calls “Apocalyptic doctrines” that serve the needs of particular social groups and deny the rights of all others is proportionately slight. A main weakness cited is too much reliance on the modern sovereign state and its outworn institutions. Best hope indicated here is the further development of private institutions that give ordinary citizens a sense of sharing in responsibility for solving social and economic problems as they arise. The sinister influence of private interests on government is neglected, however.

The lectures at Yale and Dartmouth by Alexander Meiklejohn now adapted for the reader as *Free Speech and Its Relation to Self-Government* (Harper. \$2) bear on the interpretation of the freedom-of-speech principle adopted by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1919 and effective since then. These lectures challenge the ruling that freedom of speech may be abridged when words

are used so as to create "a clear and present danger" of evils that Congress has a right to prevent. Some of these lectures are in the form of a subtle dialectic that would appeal to advanced students (as at Yale Law School); others have more universal appeal—like Chapter I which furnishes a cutting edge in drawing clear distinction between self-government and those alien or despotic forms of rule by which it is now threatened.

Richard Walsh, who collected for the publishing firm he heads the public speeches of William O. Douglas and prints them in *Being an American* (John Day. \$2.75), gives there a brief sketch of the man's life. From it we may know that a man with an old-fashioned conscience can succeed not only as a lawyer but rise to the highest point in his profession and at forty be named Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. As a man he belongs in the same panel as those he has lauded in some of these addresses: John Peter Altgeld (in "The Liberal Tradition"), George W. Norris, and Louis D. Brandeis. Douglas speaks to and for the people; they are his prime concern.

Ralph Chaplin, whose own story of his turbulent life, *Wobbly* (University of Chicago Press. \$5), might well have been called "The Making of a Radical," is

even more concerned for the people than Justice Douglas. For while both rose from dire poverty by self-reliant effort and endurance, Chaplin was thrown as a child into the morass of misery and privation that was industrial Chicago of Haymarket days, and at age thirteen came into head-on collision with the issues of injustice, poverty, and insecurity. He vowed to fight them. His way led through pamphlet socialism, the I.W.W., and Communism. But when he spoke at the grave of Nina Spies it was as a human being to other human beings—not as a dogmatist. And when the New Masses rejected his honest review of a ghost-written "autobiography" of Bill Haywood and asked for one more "reasonable," he broke for ever with the Communists. Commercial artist, poet, cartoonist, writer of propaganda verse, speaker, editor of radical papers—for which last he was given four years at Leavenworth—he has served labor well, experienced greatly, and has matured notably. This maturing leaves him without the exaltation of crusading for a cause. But he still fights—not for a class, a dogma, or an economic panacea but for "a revitalized American ideology, one that would enable the Sermon on the Mount and the Bill of Rights to do more than hold their own in competition with *Das Kapital* and the *Communist Manifesto*."

IN THE AMERICAN IDIOM

REVIEWS BY HELEN PAPASHVILY

This is the day of regional writing. Publishers' lists are long with books explaining one section of the country to the other. The idea is excellent, and when the practice equals the theory we are treated to a book such as *The Land of the*

Crooked Tree by U. P. Hedrick (Oxford Press. \$4). This is the quiet unaffected account of the author's early life in the wilderness of the northern tip of Michigan's lower peninsula, where his father pioneered in 1874. Mr. Hedrick has the

rare ability to find drama, humor, and meaning in the commonplace. There are delightful chapters on frontier food, maple sugaring, Indian gardens, farm kettles. This last should certainly find its way into many anthologies. The whole book is a delight to read, reread, and, best of all, to read aloud.

Before the national publishers discovered the field of regional writing, much excellent specialized material appeared under local imprints. This type of publication would have been best suited perhaps for *Jonathan Fisher—Maine Parson, 1768-1847*, by Mary Ellen Chase (Macmillan. \$4), a biography from letters and diaries of the first minister in Blue Hill, Maine. Miss Chase would not have spent so much time in deciphering the diaries of Jonathan Fisher, I think, if Blue Hill were not her birthplace and vacation home. The record of the early settlement and growth of this community is valuable documentation of a rigorous and cheerless Puritanism, but Mr. Fisher is so stubborn, selfish, and stiff-necked that he will exhaust the patience of most readers as he finally did that of his own congregation.

In David L. Cohn's *Where I Was Born and Raised* (Houghton Mifflin. \$4) and in *Memphis Down in Dixie* by Shields McIlwaine (Dutton. \$4.50), another of the Society in America series, we have an entirely different breed of regional books. Mr. Cohn's is a reprint of his earlier title, *God Shakes Creation*, first published in 1935, plus 142 pages of new material to bring it up to 1947. Both books seem a concoction of Chamber of Commerce treacle, spiced with quaint local characters and enough gossip, hearsay, scandal, local history, anecdote, and old jokes added to fill up the text. Both books contain the usual stereotyped explanations for the deprivations and injustices the Negroes who live in the South

must endure. And both Mr. Cohn and Mr. McIlwaine take refuge in buttressing themselves fore and aft with a good sturdy set of quotation marks to use with abandon (and, they apparently think, with impunity) almost any vulgar epithet ever coined to replace the word Negro.

It is refreshing after this to turn to two books about distinguished Negroes.

One is the long awaited autobiography of Walter White, *A Man Called White* (Viking. \$3.75); the other, a life of Frederick Douglass by Benjamin Quarles (Associated Publishers. \$4).

Mr. White, as all COMMON GROUND readers must know, has served the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People for thirty years. Whether or not one always agrees with Mr. White's policies within this organization, one must admire his courage and tenacity. In *A Man Called White* he tells with skill, charm, and charity the story of his own long struggle, as well as the NAACP's, against persecution and discrimination in the United States. This book should be required reading for all who believe in democracy and, more important, would like to see it really work.

In *Frederick Douglass*, Mr. Quarles, who is professor of history at Dillard University and associate editor of the *Journal of Negro History*, offers a full, well-written, carefully documented study of a great man. The treatment of the Garrison-Douglass break is especially interesting; for we, too, in our time, are confronted with precisely the same difficulty—how people who agree on certain needed social changes but disagree violently on the best method of achieving them can work together.

Covering much of the same period as the Douglass book, and concerned, too, with the problem of slavery, is another biography, *The Valley of Shadows* by Francis Grierson (Houghton Mifflin.

\$3.50). First published in 1909 in a small edition, it has now, at the suggestion of Bernard DeVoto, who calls it an American classic, been reissued for a wider audience by the History Book Club. The author's use of an original system of spelling to indicate folk dialect unfortunately gives the narrative, at least for a chapter or two until the reader grows accustomed to it, a kind of Mr. Dooley-Josh Billings atmosphere. But the reader who keeps on will find not a book of humor but a firsthand account of the world in an Iowa community in the dark days just before the Civil War, a story told with vigor and realism by a brilliant writer.

Personality in Nature, Society, and Culture, edited by Clyde Kluckhohn and Henry A. Murray (Knopf. \$6), is an anthology of essays by 39 distinguished contributors—anthropologists, biologists, psychiatrists, and sociologists—on the formation and social development of personality. In making a well-rounded treatment of the general subject there are papers on such varied and fascinating

topics as Hitler's Imagery and German Youth, Doll Play of the Pilaga Indian Children, The Functions of Alcohol in Primitive Societies, and (a little gem) Biography and Biology. Altogether as fine and as stimulating a book as you'd find in a month of reading.

The Rescue of Science and Learning, by Stephen Duggan and Betty Drury (Macmillan. \$3), is a summary of the work done by the Emergency Committee in Aid of Displaced Foreign Scholars from 1934 on. From the letters of the scholars who came here from Germany and the Nazi-occupied countries, and from the schools who employed them, the whole experiment was very successful. Let us hope it need not be repeated.

Group Experience and Democratic Values, by Grace L. Coyle (Woman's Press. \$2.75), is a study of social-service groups and their leadership in relation to the democratic process of the community as a whole. Probably valuable for the trained worker, but too technical for the lay reader.

MORE ON THE AMERICAN DILEMMA

REVIEWS BY ROBERT M. CULLUM

Bradford Smith's *Americans From Japan* (Lippincott. \$5) is not only a full and accurate account of the history of Americans of Japanese descent in Hawaii and the United States, but is very pleasant reading as well. As far as I can recall, this latest of the Peoples of America series is the first piece of serious private writing on Japanese Americans that doesn't strain to prove a case. It is plain that Mr. Smith feels the story of the Nisei and Issei is

able to stand on its own feet. He is particularly sure in dealing with the meeting of Japanese and American culture in Hawaii, and the account of the evacuation is well documented and incisive. The chapters on life in the relocation centers and on resettlement are perhaps too severely telescoped; an additional hundred pages might have done better justice to the fine material. But the book is an excellent and authentic job. "It seems as

though he must have known me when I was a girl," one Nisei told me after reading it. And, said another, "Americans From Japan should be translated into Japanese so our parents would understand better what was going on with the Nisei."

In *The Canadian Japanese and World War II* (University of Toronto Press, \$3.75), Forrest E. LaViolette provides the first definitive account of wartime handling of Canadian Japanese. While evacuation in itself, involving all but a few of Canada's 21,000 persons of Japanese descent, followed nearly the same pattern as that in the United States, from there on the two programs differed materially. Japanese Canadians, unless destitute, were required to pay for their own maintenance; their real property was largely confiscated; failure to relocate was equated with disloyalty, at the same time that communities east of the Rockies were allowed to refuse to harbor evacuees. The result was a serious breakdown of morale and a psychology of oppression. As with Japanese Americans, there were no cases of sabotage, espionage, or subversive activity among Japanese Canadians, but even today they are not permitted to return to British Columbia.

Charles Wallance Collins, the author of *Whither Solid South?* (Pelican Publishing Co., New Orleans, \$3.75), holds deeply to the conviction that the South should maintain its policies of segregation. As regards the Negro, equality is evil. In this bible of the white supremacists, the testimony of religion is discarded as irrelevant (religion should be interested only in men's souls) and that of anthropology as irrelevant and false. White supremacy, in Mr. Collins' point of view, finds its source in "pride of blood" and its justification in Anglo-Saxon mores, which he considers immutable. He devotes much space to trying to prove that

under the Constitution only the individual state has a legitimate interest in civil rights. As he develops it, the doctrine of states rights becomes the single most important element in defending white supremacy. Mr. Collins even seriously proposes a 49th state in Africa where the Negro could "promote on that continent the civilization of the United States under Negro leadership." The book is obviously an attempt to set the ideological house of white supremacy in order. Published in 1947, it clearly forecast the organization and strategy of the 1948 Dixiecrats, and from many angles may unintentionally be a very useful source of information and ideas for those interested in the organized approach to solution of racial problems.

In complete antithesis to the above is the sensitive and perceptive *Epistle to White Christians* by Fred D. Wentzel (Christian Education Press, Philadelphia, \$1.50). "We have sinned with our fathers, we have committed iniquity, we have done wickedly." Some call it 'segregation,' but the real name of our sinning is 'contempt,'" says the author. And, again, "Unless we learn to accept the Negro as a human being like ourselves, a child of the Father in whose sight all men are equally beloved, we turn aside from the way of life, there is in us no soundness or health, and salvation is far from us. The assumption of white superiority is that inward uncleanness from which we must at the very beginning of our salvation be utterly cleansed. Only by such cleansing can we be assured of newness of life." This small volume is not for those who cherish ease of mind. It should find use as a provocative gift, and in worship programs.

The principal material for *The Protestant Church and the Negro* (Association Press, \$3) was gathered by Frank Loescher

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while serving as research worker for the Federal Council of Churches Commission on the Church and Minority Peoples. It is a quick and authentic reference concerning the profession and practice of major Protestant churches in relation to the Negro. Three appendices are an important part of the book. Mr. Loescher presents evidence of increased sensitivity to racial problems on the part of the Protestant leadership over many years, but little inclination to follow this leadership in practice. He finds that Protestantism by its policies and practices, far from helping to integrate the Negro in American life, is actually contributing to the segregation of Negro Americans. He does, however, nourish hope for future progress among Protestant denominations.

A Reader in General Anthropology, by Carleton S. Coon (Henry Holt. \$5), provides a thoughtfully selected and competently organized work of general reference in anthropology. It is the sort of book a serious student will find useful for a quick brush-up and the lay reader interesting and stimulating.

Man and His Works, The Science of Cultural Anthropology, by Melville J.

Herskovits (Knopf. \$6.75), is designed more for the student than the general reader, but rewards study with clearly stated concepts of useful application: "The fact that culture has the quality of being 'contagious' and that elements of culture are readily taken over and successfully carried on by societies of individuals having the most diverse physical forms, is one evidence of the fact that racial type is irrelevant as a causal factor in determining cultural behavior."

The Negro Family in the United States, by E. Franklin Frazier (Dryden Press. \$3.75), is a re-issue of this useful volume. A standard work of reference for professional sociologists, it has been brought up to date and revised somewhat for less technical use.

Negro Liberation, by Harry Haywood (International Publishers. \$2.75), is the Communist slant on how Negro equality is to be achieved in the United States, with the development of a "Negro Nation" within the present American political framework, "self-determination for the Black Belt," a program of land redistribution in the South, etc.

HANDBOOKS

Yearbook on Human Rights, prepared by the United Nations (Columbia University Press. \$5) is a compilation that includes all declarations and bills on human rights in force as of 1946. Statements bearing on such rights are taken from the constitutions of all countries that have them. Where there is no written constitution, the *Yearbook* gives statements by qualified jurists on law and usage relating to human rights in such

countries. Supplementing the above, there are—as in the case of Cuba, Mexico, and the United States—some accounts of the antecedents of constitutions; also some studies on the implementation of provisions there made. Here, further, are the constitutions of all the individual States of the U.S., of all the provinces of the Argentine, and each canton of Switzerland. The first of its kind, and a monumental undertaking,

this Yearbook clears the way for world understanding on the greatest of world issues.

H.C.T.

With the publication of *The Immigration Problem*, compiled by Clarence A. Peters (\$1.25), the H. W. Wilson Company is meeting the need of many who wish to acquaint themselves with the arguments brought forward by those in favor of and those opposed to a modification of our immigration laws. The author devotes a good portion of his 255 pages to a discussion of whether we should admit displaced persons to the United States and has excerpted and compiled state-

ments on both sides of the argument. Racial discrimination in our immigration and nationality laws is also discussed. Although this book was published in May of 1948, the author used only part of the opinions and publications available in 1947 and none of 1948. With a controversial Displaced Persons Act passed by Congress last June, and with a Senate Committee to Investigate Immigration and Naturalization about to complete public hearings on the general subject of immigration, the Wilson Company would do well to bring this volume up to date.

F.L.A.

CURRENT FICTION

REVIEWS BY EDDIE SHIMANO

Novels about World War II, currently popular, serve to remind us that we have apparently already forgotten the principles for which we fought. Mostly, however, as in *The Crusaders* (Little, Brown. \$3.50) by Stefan Heym, each individual had his own reason, other than being drafted, for his activities in the war. To each man it is his own crusade: to Sergeant Bing, an American of German birth, attached to a U.S. Army Propaganda Intelligence Unit in the European theater, the war has special significance. The development of the story begins on the Fourth of July, 1944, when he is ordered to write a leaflet to be fired into the German lines. Beginning without conviction, he finds when he is finished that he believes what he has finally written: "On July Fourth, 1776, the United States was born as a nation—a nation of free men, equal before the law, and determined to govern themselves. . . . For these rights and liberties, we are fighting

today. For, wherever they are threatened, we are threatened. Wherever the dignity of Man is affronted, we feel that it happens to us. Wherever people are oppressed and suffering, we are affected. Because we are that kind of nation, we have come to Europe to stop a tyrant from imposing his will on a nation, on Europe, and on the whole world."

This thought is echoed in Carl Sandburg's monumental *Remembrance Rock* (Harcourt, Brace. \$5) when in the year 1945 a descendant of an early settler says: "Always the path of American destiny has been into the Unknown. . . . At Plymouth and Jamestown there was the Unknown of a vast continent of wilderness to be faced. At Philadelphia in the writing of the Declaration and later amid the cold and filth of Valley Forge, there was the Unknown again, no precedents or fore-runners to guide. Later in the trials of crossing the Great Plains and pioneering the West Coast and in the bloody sec-

tional struggle that hammered national union into a finality, there was ever the Unknown. And never was it more true than now—the path of American destiny leads into the Unknown.” To Sandburg, the Unknown is, in capital letters, the American Dream. The novel is a pageant of the American past, epic in scope, less epic in achievement.

The Wine of Astonishment (Scribner's. \$3) by Martha Gellhorn is less all-encompassing. It is a story of four people in the war: Lieut. Col. John Dawson Smithers from Georgia, a Red Cross girl from Iowa, a waitress in a small café in Luxembourg City, and Pfc. Jacob Levy who “looked like Victor Mature, only more soulful.” The story's crisis comes when Levy visits Dachau after V-E Day. As an American Jew, he had, before this time, “never thought about them [Jewish victims of Nazism] except it was pretty tough on them and they should have left Europe long ago.” His natural reaction against the Germans, calling for a simple-minded rather than a simple course of action, leads to a confusing rather than a complex conclusion.

An expedient course of action is taken by the Commanding Officer of an air base in Florida in James Gould Cozzens' *Guard of Honor* (Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50) toward an incident regarding Negro flyers. Because blatant Jim Crowing is banned by a directive from Washington, the local officers' club is placed out of bounds for Negro officers by restricting it to “permanent” personnel and classifying the Negroes as “temporary.” A demonstration against this practice is smashed by buying off the leader with a medal and a promise to make him flight officer of the group. It is obvious that Mr. Cozzens himself, were he confronted with a like situation, would use some other solution. He makes the use of expediency as an excuse for any discrimina-

tory action as distasteful as it actually is.

Anti-Semitism on the home front during the war is attacked by George Abbe in *Mr. Quill's Crusade* (Island Press. \$2.50). In a disclaimer he says that “the situations are true; the attitudes and comments are commonplace.” The same, unfortunately is also true of his book.

The impingement of war on a civilian is again brought forth in *The Precipice* by Hugh MacLennan (Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$3). While a novel of some force, it mistakenly attributes the contrast between rural and urban environments to national differences between Canadians and Americans. The recognition by Dorothy Baker of ethnic differences, made more pointed by psychological differences, in *Our Gifted Son* (Houghton Mifflin. \$2.75), gives a truer picture of the clash between two cultures. This one is between the contemplative man (a Mexican artist) and men of action (Americans).

Among books of nostalgia are two very pleasant stereotypes, circa pre-World War I, both coincidentally using the word “laughter” in their titles: *Laughter from Downstairs* by Czenzi Ormonde (Farrar, Straus. \$2.75) and *A Time for Laughter* by Jessica Wellner (Simon & Schuster. \$2.50). The first is about Bohemians in the state of Washington and the second about Russians in Wisconsin. That they both could have been about Italians in Colorado or Swedes in Maine is perhaps why they please but do not satisfy.

Two Harper books of marked contrast are Betty Smith's *Tomorrow Will Be Better* (\$3) and *A Clouded Star* by Anne Parrish (\$2.75). Miss Smith's new book, unlike her first, is as starkly realistic as a social case history—and lacks all the charm thereof. The bitter irony of the title is unvarnished and the book may well serve as a warning today to optimists in other fields. In *A Clouded Star*, the

COMMON GROUND

sensitively told story of one of the many trips led by Harriet Tubman on the Underground Railroad, the reality comes not from reportage but from the novelized vivification of a great woman in American history. The "path of American destiny" is not the "Unknown." We do not need cults of obscurantism—we need Harriet Tubman's vision to show us the way and her faith to help us tread it.

Fannie Cook's *Storm Against the Wall* (Doubleday, \$3), tells of related family groups of middle-class German-Jewish stock in St. Louis—one segment here from 1904 on, the other remaining in Germany to be caught in the "storm." Like Mrs. Cook's last fiction, *Mrs. Palmer's Honey*, the story is intensely human, this time concerning itself with

anti-Semitism rather than Jim Crow. Its interest centers on the development of individual persons within the broad lines of family pattern, and is at the same time a sympathetic study and interpretation of the problems they meet both within the family group and outside it.

The Threshold, by Karin von Wahl (Houghton Mifflin, \$3), is the arresting story of detainees in Ellis Island, told with flashbacks and a realism that, for all its detailed sharpness, carries an aura of the unreal, the dream-like. These newcomers to America fled evils too great to be borne, took any risk, any hardship, to gain freedom—release from nightmare—and now they suffer bleak frustration, endless boredom, and the long strain of confinement—in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty.

H.C.T.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

OF COMMON GROUND, published quarterly at New York 18, New York, for October 1, 1948.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared M. Margaret Anderson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of Common Ground and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations) printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Common Council for American Unity, Incorporated, 20 West 40 Street, New York 18, N.Y. Editor, M. Margaret Anderson

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Managing Editor, M. Margaret Anderson

20 West 40 Street, New York 18, N.Y.
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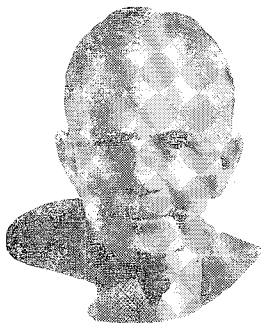
M. MARGARET ANDERSON, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1948.

[Seal.]

HANNY L. COHRSEN,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30, 1949.)



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WALTER ROSENBLUM—UNITARIAN SERVICE COMMITTEE

REPRESENTATIVE CAMPERS OF THE UNITARIAN WORK CAMPS. Junior and senior camps offer voluntary summer service opportunities in such projects as a construction and child-care program at the Port Huron, Michigan, camp of the recreation department of the UAW-CIO, with opportunity to participate in labor courses and other phases of the educational program of the union; construction work at the Highlander Folk School in Tennessee, with participation in courses offered by the School; work in New York's interracial Sydenham Hospital with an educational program centering about the problems of Harlem; and the general improvement of grounds and buildings of a Boston settlement-house summer camp in Greenfield, New Hampshire.

HUDSON SHORE LABOR SCHOOL is the oldest resident school for workers in the United States. Its student body includes workers from industry, agriculture, and service occupations. Its summer school at West Park, New York, includes courses in the social sciences, English, public speaking, dramatics, as well as those dealing with the understanding of trade unions. Here the director of the workshop shows two students how to cut a stencil on co-ops.

SAM REISS





WAYNE F. MILLER

THE CHICAGO WORK CAMP, one of many sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee, has for two summers made its headquarters at Olivet Institute, a settlement house in Chicago's racially mixed and over-crowded near-north side. Work projects included help in the construction of much-needed playgrounds and assistance to tenants in repairing and reconditioning their homes with paint, plaster, and paper. Campers also participated in surveys being conducted by local agencies to furnish data on housing and living conditions for use in future housing and slum-clearance programs. Here a University of Minnesota student works with a tenant.



WILMA WILCON

PIONEER YOUTH PHOTO



GROUP GET-TOGETHERS FOR FUN AND UNDERSTANDING. (Top left) A discussion by members of the Encampment for Citizenship at the Fieldston School, Riverdale, New York, whose program is directed toward a clarification of the meaning of democracy, a study of economic, political, social, and international issues, and training in the strategy of citizenship—techniques for organization, co-operation, influence. (Bottom left) An international group of counselors and campers at Pioneer Youth of America Summer Camp prepare an East Indian supper over their campfire. (Below) The Unitarian Work Campers take time off from their construction labors for pure fun.



WALTER ROSENBLUM—UNITARIAN SERVICE COMMITTEE



DORIS WALLACE-AMERICAN RED CROSS

"Now All Together" was the slogan of a summer project of a Pennsylvania chapter of the American Junior Red Cross. Implemented on the city's playgrounds, each part of the program was directed toward better understanding of minority groups. Here two boys work together in the cornpatch of a school garden.



THE VERMONT PLAN, originated by the Rev. A. Ritchie Low (who wrote an account of it in the Summer 1946 issue of CG), brings colored children from Harlem into the homes of white Vermonters for a two-week period every summer. Here are some of the Vermont youngsters and two of their New York City guests, making the most of the haying season in the hills of Lyndon in the northern part of the state.



EDWARD C. DE L'AIGLE

WATCHING THE OPERETTA, Rabbit Hollow Camp in Winchester, New Hampshire, which, with that at Forest Lake, is sponsored by the Morningside Community Center in New York City. Of the 736 campers last summer, seventy per cent came from Harlem, the rest from other parts of the city. Ranging in age from 6 to 16, the children represented all races. Encountering initial hostility from some of the summer resort neighbors several years ago because of the presence of Negro children, the camp now enjoys excellent local support, many of the local Winchester youngsters being enrolled in the camp life and taking part in events. 2,500 people have done volunteer work for the two camps since 1942, building cabins, sanitation facilities, athletic fields, and whatever else is needed.